

*Robert Altman Meets
Raymond Carver*

*America's
Best Football Coach*

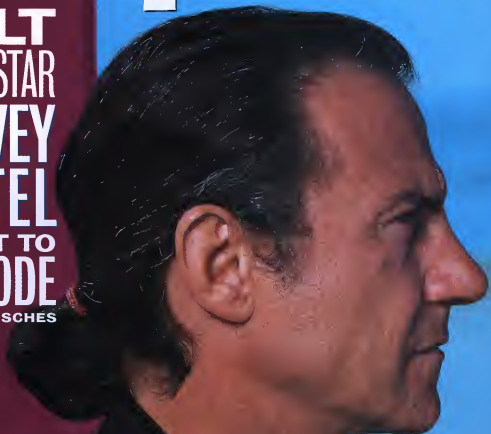
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1993 \$2.50

**CULT
SUPERSTAR
HARVEY
KEITEL**
**ABOUT TO
EXPLODE**

BY NICK TOSCHES



**SPECIAL HEALTH
AND FITNESS REPORT**

**HOW OLD
WILL YOU BE WHEN
YOU DIE?**

Look yourself up by your age.

PAGE 125



Zino. The Fragrance of Desire



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American Beauty

BANANA REPUBLIC

COMING FALL 1993



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Calvin Klein

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The Short Life and Solitary Death of a Young Nazi By GUY MARTIN 95

DISPATCH Peter Alicka grew up in a biased, bitter strip-tease town, drinking beer and terrorizing foreigners. His only escape was into a forbidden past, but in Germany the past has a way of eating its young.

Short Cuts: Robert Altman Meets Raymond Carver By TOM JONES 102

MOVIES In his most ambitious film since *Nashville*, the maverick director blows open the stories of one of America's greatest writers into an epic about love and rage in a gritty Los Angeles. Notes on a masterpiece in the making.

Jimmy Johnson, Livin' Large By JOHN ED BRADLEY 110

SPORTS With a fistful of hundreds and a Super Bowl ring, the coach of the Cowboys heads for the land of bouzouli.

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COVER With the release this fall of *The Piano* and *Sleepless*, Harvey Keitel will finally get the recognition he's deserved for the past twenty years as one of the most daring, passionate actors in all of film. So he's satisfied, right? Well...

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How to Live Forever, Part I By MICHAEL SIOGELA 125

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NORDSTROM

*WASHINGTON, D.C. (The Epoch Times) — A new study by researchers at the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, has found that the health of the U.S. population is declining. The study, published in the journal *Health Affairs*, found that the health of the U.S. population is declining in a number of ways, including a decline in life expectancy, a decline in the number of years lived in good health, and a decline in the number of years lived without disability. The study also found that the health of the U.S. population is declining in a number of ways, including a decline in life expectancy, a decline in the number of years lived in good health, and a decline in the number of years lived without disability.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Camp Out

IT'S nice to know you guys are willing to laugh at your ethos (*Viva Straight Camp!*), because the chicks and the guys are giving too many for comfort. Guys in wired camp become straight people have everything else.

—KARL SOERENLIES JR.
Boston Area

STRAIGHT PEOPLE don't have camp, they have hush.

—THOM PRITCHETT
Austin, Tex.

STRAIGHT CAMP? Straight isn't known what camp is, that make us their enemy is too small. Or too big. My car can't play bridge either.

—JOHN MEDLIN
Seattle, Wash.

IN YOUR FEATURE on Straight Camp, you neglected to mention your own magazine as such.

—CHRISTOPHER H. CLARKE
San Francisco Calif.

Glueless

LET ME ask if I've got this straight: In Lynn Darling's Single White Male, Steele Cize (Jane), John Talbot, a three-year-old gay is good-looking, with a good job at a publishing house, a truck for his own use, past him is excellent shape, who loves his parents, doesn't do drugs, is polite, well-dressed, with several great-looking women, is, according to Mr. Darling, is normal?

—SCOTT T. WERBA
Boston, Ohio

YOUR SINGLE WHITE male has missed the point entirely: Instead of using his fine breeding and education to see through the smoke screen of

complacency sent up by the winning herbs, he just lends his voice to their ethos. Empathizing with Fred Flitstone and waiting for spotted rich gets to define your status for a pathetic display. Better lace up those gloves tighter, bud. Sounds like you're down for the count!

—MICHAEL AZEVEDO
Charlottesville, Mass.

AFTER MY THIRD SCOUT with the Agency bag to the gym aboard the USS Intrepid I thought John Talbot would approve. I also found a redemption in the ring that all the self-help books and patetic pleading of the men's movement will never hope to match.

—CAPTAIN THOMAS STRUCKMEYER
United States Marine Corps

LYNN DARLING situation: one of John Talbot's most sensitive needs the wish to embrace the "wisdom" of a bygone, chauvinistic world with one's lips and the hope the person who understands the value of love and honest feeling might meet. I can empathize.

SINGULAR WHITE MALE BY ARNOLD RUTH



with Talbot's is difficult to emerge from a time of certain sexual (and national) identity into an age in which all the old certainties are friends and the "perfect gentleman" is reviled, not revered.

—MICHAEL PARKER
Austin, N.Y.

Moonstruck

THANKS FOR Vincent Cappelletti's moving article on the past January Saturday Night (*The Moon in January*). Jane, a man confronting his life in tough, honest, and lyrical language. In the midst of pain and abandonment, Jane provides healing in age of hope and redemption.

—GEOFFREY POLK
Chelmsford, Ohio

What's in a Name?

IN "GARAGE FORTY" (April), Phil Faxon used the word *photographer* without recognition of its being a registered trademark of the Almay Corporation. Photographer is the someone used to create the films described in the article. It is not a synonym for "type designer."

—JANET R. WOLF
Pawnee and CEO, Almay Corp.
Richardson, Tex.

Friendly Fire

IT WAS HAPPY to see "How They Was the War" (May), partly because it will help focus attention on our film *The War Room*, and also because it's a nice to have someone take our work seriously. However, I was embarrassed by your reference to *Primary* and *Close* as my films. Although I worked hard and lovingly on them, they were made by a number of filmmakers and produced by Bob Drew, who was also the sound man much of the time.

—D. A. FENSTERMAKER
New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editors should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Magazine, c/o Video Policy 146 St., New York, N.Y. 10013. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



So we thought there had to be other young couples like us with good taste and no money. We were 23 years old and we really had no understanding of retail. But we were very ambitious and very hungry.

The name *Crab & Barrel* just kind of evolved. When we first started, we had no money for fixtures, so we simply turned

philosophy. Nowadays, things have to be accessible. We want people to pick them up and touch them. We want people to see something and say to themselves, "I love this. Wow, I can buy this."

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over the packing crates and barrels. Then we stacked up the dishware and glassware, and said, "That'll tell a story that you can't tell any other way."

It's not exciting to sell beautiful things people can't afford. But if they can afford them they get excited, because they can own them. So that's our merchandising

philosophy. We're not worrying about whether or not you can pay for something. And that can only be good for business.

American Express reminds you it takes a lot of shopping to make a house a home. Gordon would like to remind you they're open tonight.

Gordon Segal
Co-Founder, Crab & Barrel



OBSESSION

for men



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT these are children," contributing editor GUY MARTIN says of Germany's new crop of Nazi youth, which has once again heaved that still-divided nation into the fearful gaze of world opinion. "And



Guy Martin in Berlin

when children take up weapons—battered or otherwise—it gets very serious, very soon, because, when they want to be, children are the most dangerous people in the world."

While everyone has read all the dry, geopolitical accounts of xenophobia in modern-day Deutschland, it is the rare journalist who is willing to descend into the underground bars and bistros that house today's young skin heads. In "The Short Life and Solitary Death of a 'Young Nazi'" (page 55), Martin travels to Hoyerstadt, in what used to be East Germany, and goes on a firsthand portrait of Hitler's grandchild. "There's little difference between these people and the Crips and the Bloods," he explains. "Essentially they're very weak kids in a bleak ghetto trying to empower themselves."

For Martin, who first studied German in military school because he "didn't like the guys going to French class," Germany has been an obsession for most of his adult life. In 1993 he made his initial visit to Germany and has been back numerous times, essay on assignment for Esquire. He is also at work on a book for Knopf about the SS, the East German secret police. "Germany is the locus of the great crime of the twentieth century," Martin says, "and here the symbols of history wrap themselves around the people's imagination."

Despite some highly visible performances, Harvey Keitel has kept a rather low profile. In our cover story writer, journalist Nick TOSCHES visits the Brooklyn-born actor at his house in Malibu (Haven, Hidi, Harvey Keitel, page 101).



Nick Tosches

"He still has great laughs," Tosches says of the always raucous actor, "even though he is grappling with life in a serious way." Tosches is the author of *Das (Die), a biography of Diana Martin*. *Tosches*, his second novel, will be published next year.

The first article that contributing editor JOHN ED BRADLEY did for Esquire was a profile of Tim Lundy, the press coach of the Dallas Cowboys.



John Ed Bradley

Nearly a decade later, the Cowboys have a new coach, Jimmy Johnson, and a championship attitude, so we see Bradley back down to Texas to meet the man who brought America's team back to life ("Jimmy Johnson, Love's Labor," page 103).

Lundy was a guarded man and hard to crack," says Bradley, who was an offensive lineman at LSU in the late Seventies. "But Jimmy was right out there and wild." Bradley has written three novels, *Apocalypse Now: The Best There Ever Was*, and *Love & Obsession*. His fourth, *Bookie*, will be published next spring.

"I'm extremely healthy," says forty-two-year-old MICHAEL SEGALL, who penned our "How to Love Forever" package on page 125. "I'm six feet tall, 165 to 180 pounds, and I have a resting pulse rate of fifty—which is commonly found in men, pillow, thiel, and psychopaths." The founding editor of *Living Will* magazine, Segall offers advice on everything from dealing with hypochondria to the meaning of baldness. "I've only got 10 to 15 years left, though," he says.



Michael Segall

BELLA STENBERG took on some tough subjects during her celebrated twenty-year career in a feature writer for the *Los Angeles Times*, but this month she takes on an inner state—Colorado, where she was raised ("The State of Illness," page 71). When Colorado's war-era passed Amendment 1 last year—which denies homosexuals legal protection to a minority—the state became the focus of the gay-rights debate. "This issue will be the background of the Nineties," says Stenberg, whose first book, *Child of the South of Now: The Daily Drama of One and Betty Frederick* (Pocket Books), was published this summer.

Following his stint as the associate fiction editor of Esquire, Tom JERKS collaborated with author Raymond Carver. They co-edited *American Short Story Masterpieces*, and Jerks sought Carver's advice when he was editing Errol Harris's posthumously published novel, *The Garden of Eden*. This fall Robert ALMAN will bring the late Carver's masterful stories to the screen in *Short Cuts*, and Jerks reports the snark would make Ray proud ("Short Cuts," page 141).

This film is less an homage to Carver, though, so it is to Alman, says Jerks, the author of *The Hipsters*. "So much of Ray's material is Alkermesque," Jerks is at work on his second novel.

ALAN COFFEY, who chronicled Our Man in the White House, will be the subject of a retrospective at the Bushfield Art Center in Buffalo beginning September 11. ■



John Ed Bradley



Tom Jerks

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Esquire

SEPTEMBER 1995

Cut to the Chase

Humor can be detected, as a frog can, but the thing dies in the process. —E. B. WHITT

THE LAWYERS AT NBC topped the absurdity of claiming ownership of David Letterman's signature comedy hits by threatening to try to stop Chevy Chase from doing satirical newscasts on his new talk show at Fox. Hard as it is to imagine how NBC would use Letterman's top-ten hits and stupid pet tricks without him, that the lawyers figure the network owns Chase's political satire is even more baffling. Maybe they're just looking for a way to squeeze a little more money out of their longtime cash-register

In any case, Chase is having a lot of fun, and he should. He feels dangerous, and he told *The New York Times* that he had "this yearning in my stomach to go back and somehow subversively screw up television a little bit again." People who met Chase back in the early '80s, when he was primarily a writer, *always* figured he was destined to do just that. There was something very honest about his arch and ironic style. And he was so fit. This is what established him as a star that first year on *SNL*. But then he jumped to the movies, and the edges of his jokes seemed to soften. Or maybe the material he chose went a little too broad. Kids suddenly loved him. He had his hits, but they were never as hip as those one-liners that seemed to come to him so effortlessly—first in real

life and then on television. And now he's back on television late at night when the kids should be in bed. That is bad news for all the other talk shows bulging up for the late-night-comedy wars that start this month. Even as Chase is promising not to interrupt or bully or (heaven forbid) take seriously the long line of self-promoting celebrities he'll be hosting this fall, everybody who remembers what he was like at the beginning of his career can't wait. Twenty-odd years on, he is still Chevy Chase, and everyone else still isn't. —J.M.



MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

Happy Endings

HERE AT THE BUTT END of the twentieth century, the reader of contemporary literature knows better than to expect the cheerful delights of a happy ending, having been grounded by years of crime and angst, irony and subterfuge. Much humor and morbidity, all the dark tropes designed to jolt us out the useful contradictions of life and language. Pynchon's *Crazy Horse*, de Sade's *Justine*, Nabokov's may therefore come as a shock to the literary system, as it is then seen through a generously happy end, in which crime and fidelity are rewarded and pyromania is plausible in duos or trios, made down. If there is the occasional treacherous narrator that makes one's postmodern liver ache, it is a small price to pay for a book that is as firm and assured as a hand of Deleuzian grandeur.

In her, Claude Rawlings, starts out down-in-the-hole as possible New York, locked in a fifty-apartment every morning by her tea-drying mother. The book is out of time, right into the present, and it begins to rise as a musical prodigy. The book gives a long way toward answering the personal question: How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Prose, of course, but it doesn't have to have grace, devoted teachers, powerful friends, and a rich wife. More important than these, however, is Claude's mind game.

Cathy's most rise is nearly as epic. The author of an acclaimed memoir, *Scrap-Turn*, and a collection of stories, *Midnight*, she is now, at fifty, re-

publishing her first novel. What took so long? "It was life, just life," she says. "Making a living was a serious problem for me." Currently leading the Iowa Writers' Workshops, she got by for years as a part-time journalist, teaching fiction and playing jazz piano in clubs. "But I couldn't play at all for the last year and a half of the book," she says. "I had to get out of Claude's trap. I mean, her really good? If I could play really well, I'd play like her."

—WILL BUTTNE

FRANK CONROY has his high noon after a long, life-changing



Natural-Born Actress

I HAD NEVER SEEN ANY scene do wrong up so well," a friend commented as Ashley Judd got out of bed in the opening sequence of Victor Nuñez's *Ruby in Paradise*. It doesn't take a Rudin to see you and stretch, you might say, but Ruby's graceful vulnerability as she argues against the morning sun—the father shimmering with light

uncertainty through a crack in the sandy road—carries us one of the loveliest bits of acting you will see in a film this year. Perhaps sweetness is a better word, as naturally does Ashley Judd, who plays the role of Ruby Lee Glavin, a fiercely independent young woman who escapes from rural Tennessee to build a new life on Florida's "Baldwin Beach."

Ashley grew up in the same rock of the woods as Ruby, but her background is decidedly less ordinary. "There's been music in the family since I was five-high to a granddaddy," she says in a charmingly homespun endorsement. Her mother, a dancer and her older sister, Wynona—the Judds. Her teeth still in braces, she studied

those long Natchez shadows by heading to L.A. three years ago, eventually landing a role in the NBC series *Swing* playing... Swaine. Kurr's "spoiled boss of a daughter."

Judd may be identified with Ruby since the film won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Film Festival, but she will soon leave the film industry, already of her debut in the short work her next project, *Norad*. Less, Kurr, a cinematic road trip to hell, courtesy of

much older Oliver Stone and Quincey Tarrant. She plays the sole survivor of a slasher-party massacre with such apparent nonchalance that, she says, "everyone on the film thought I had no experience of extreme violence in my life." Judd laughs. "It's just the poverty of acting, that minimal so painful should be so enjoyable."

—JAN CHRISTOPHER CASTLE

ASHLEY JUDD She makes part of a debut in *Ruby in Paradise* left.



On the Fringe

IF YOU AGREE that a cashmere scarf is one of the few frivolous fashion options for the well-dressed man, then you can accept a scarf that has some... let's say resources. No doubt you've noticed the fringe. True, those extra tendrils (running lengthwise instead of the traditional bangs on the ends) don't add much in the way of warmth. But that's not the point. They look great—especially atop this fall's voluminous overcoats, where a lesser scarf could get lost. They're \$250 at Paul Stuart. ■





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M A N A T H I S B E S T

JOHN BERENDT, *Classic*

The Gun

My, my, my! Such a lot of guns around town and so few brains. Put it down, Joe.
 —HUGHREY BOGART IN *THE BIG SLEEP*

AT EIGHTY-FIVE Harry Crum is the epitome of the gentleman hunter, having won a lifetime shooting season in Scotland, duck on Long Island, and quail in South Carolina. A superb marksman, Harry is a fanatic about gun safety, but he's not above having a little fun now and then. People still talk about how, back in the 1930s, Harry would meet guests for Sunday lunch at noon and tell them to be sure to be on time. At the stroke of 11 o'clock, he would duck a row with a duck and a rifle and shoot the hood ornaments off the cars of latecomers. He could pluck the three-pointed star off a Mercedes without disturbing the ray around it. Despite the horseplay no one ever got hurt around Harry—except once, in 1936, when two Dutch Island natives broke into his house in the dead of night, grabbed his son as leverage, took him down the hall to Harry's locked bedroom door, and demanded money. When Harry swung the door open, his son, dazed, knowing what was about to happen, fired two quick shots, dropping each of the marauders with a .38 slug between the eyes.

America's gun-owning population once consisted largely of dedicated aficionados like Harry Crum. But today, with guns in nearly half the country's households, Crum and his ilk are vastly outnumbered by gunslings who know nothing about guns. In 1990, firearms killed 30,000 Americans—10,000 by suicide, 1,500 by accident, and the other 16,500 by homicide. The great majority of the homicides came from the ranks of domestic arguments that escalated into violence. America's unique affinity for guns is a quirk of history: Forearm fire became available in

weapons of war just as time to enable white settlers in this country to massacre Indians in the conquest of the frontier. There was nothing pretty about any of that until the nightbreakers were in work in the cities, publishing their novels and putting on *Wild West* shows that turned the sordid truth into a romantic fable.

The myth was enhanced by the phallic symbolism of guns, as illustrated by Zane Grey's 1913 classic, *Riders of the Purple Sage*. [Ransom] unsaddled the heavy cartridge belt and laid it with the heavy swinging gun sheath on [Jane's] lap.... She gazed from him to the black, cold gun. Without them he appeared shorn of strength, defenseless, a smaller man. Was she. Delibly! Stodgily conscious of only one one—refusal to see that man crown by his manner—the one, and with blundering fingers fumbled the belt around his waist where it belonged? "Mac Woe was more direct about it."

"Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

Efforts to curb the proliferation of guns have been met with ferocious opposition, most notably from the NRA, which was founded in 1917 to protect the interests of gun owners. The words from the *Second Amendment* emblemized on the exterior of the group's Washington headquarters would soon be proved an unworkable point for many of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. But the first part of that sentence, which the

NRA casually leaves off, changes the meaning entirely. "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of free state.... As any such militia should be able to tell you, the amendment was, in fact, intended to guarantee the right to maintain militiamen as a check on the power of the federal government. The NRA continues to cite the *Second Amendment* as an argument against gun control despite repeated Supreme Court rulings that it is irrelevant.

Once an ally of police departments, the NRA has in recent years abandoned cops by opposing the buying of weapons that



GUN GRAB: Movie (The Big Sleep) above and William myth has made us trigger-happy

CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

CLOSED
SET
NO ADMITTANCE



Without Black, it would all be flat.



Ultimately there's Black.

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M A T H I S B E S T

endanger policemen and innocent rifles, please guns that can pass without through metal detectors, and Teflon-coated "ray-balls" bullets, which can penetrate bullet-proof vests. In the early 1980s, when the white-on-black gun market became saturated and sales slumped, the NRA helped target a whole new market: women. Flaying on very old fears of rape and assault, the NRA parlayed the very few ladies' guns (some of which are advertised as "dual-chamber-side") and available as designer cologne, neglecting to point out that women who own guns are five times more likely to kill their husbands than intruders with them and that, according to one study, a gun kept in the home is better than three times more likely to kill a friend or family member.

Recent polls suggest that the political winds are shifting in favor of stronger gun-control measures. Pro-

ponents now concede that new laws will have little effect on crime, but they are beginning to understand that more firearms deaths are not related to ordinary crime anyway. The gun issue is being recast as a public health problem, which means that the battle will now be waged on scientific grounds, not just emotional ones.

Mark Rosenberg, the head of the CDC's National Center for Injury Prevention, dubbles the term "gun control." He sees guns as consumer products. "Guns are like cars," he says. "We don't ban cars, we make them safer by mandating such things as seat belts and collapsible steering columns. We could reduce firearm injuries by requiring that guns be child-proof, for instance, and that they be equipped with indicators that show when they're loaded and with

combination locks or electronic trigger locks that recognize only the fingerprint of the owner. We could reduce the lethality of guns by decreasing the caliber of the muzzle and the velocity of the bullet."

Jay Wiseman, the director of Harvard's Center for Health Communication, is studying strategies for changing basic attitudes toward guns. It says Wiseman who recommended the campaign that popularized the designated driver as a means to reduce drunk-driving accidents, he persuaded TV producers to work it into the prime-time television repertoire, including eight installments of *Cheers*. In four years, alcohol-related traffic fatalities dropped by 10 percent. Now Wiseman plans to devise ways of using TV to reduce firearm casualties.

Other public-health interventions will likely include such tactics as drawing up

legislation that holds parents criminally responsible for firearm injuries to children. The national debate over that one will make it clear that one will make a clear that in the home, every increase in the lethality of violence.

This will have special meaning for people who buy guns out of fear like the good citizens of California, who bought 35,000 weapons in the months following the 1992 L. A. riots—the biggest gun sale in the state's history. It's doubtful that many of these people know how to shoot a gun, much less how to plink the hood ornament off a car from a tree. When they find out that, according to the odds, those 35,000 guns will kill upwards of five hundred people during the next ten years—most of them family and friends—they may agree with *Blameless* Regan that there are too many guns around town, their own included. ■

HABERDASHERY

Upward and Eastward with Barneys

HANDS DOWN, Barneys takes the prize for the most chatzypah in what is either a recession or the end of prosperity as we know it. The biggest men's store in the world has just become nearly twice as large, expanding from its flagship New York store to a nine-story limestone palace on the Upper East Side. The move is a testament to the power of good, even great, men's clothes and the keep-a-fish marketing clan of the Frumman family, which, during the course of three generations, has transformed Barneys from a Depression-era discount store into something closer to a temple of enlightened haberdashery. Barneys stock always seems to find the balance between celebrity designer and little-known private label, between the sure thing and the sub-line. And the clothes should do just fine upstairs, thank you. ■



BOTTOM: PHILIPPE LAROS

SEPTEMBER 1995 / EQUUS 43

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ACURA

A. savignyi (cont.)

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A Can you take it on the road if the road is a trail?

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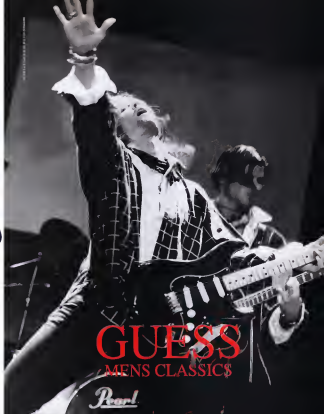
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REC



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GUESS
MENS CLASSICS

Pearl

work, for the Japanese, who've already spent \$1 billion on them, control 55 percent of the Japanese market. Japanese pilots won't get them for months, for years, but you can already watch *Top Gun* on any TV. Sharp has developed huge projection panels—Miniature Screens—that light up the Cinema, and computer panels as large as four-foot screens. But, more important, they're starting to make sense about how the panels will look different from conventional TVs. Sharp's new panels, for example, are called the Museum series and were created by top designer Naoko Sato. One model shows the panel on a pedestal like a high-tech museum object; others make it a sleek screen, but the model that most clearly shows what looking that big old tube will mean mounts a flat panel inside an ornate gilded frame you'd expect to see wrapped around a Venetian. It's a kind of stereotypical artwork: a demonstration of how weird the dream of television you can hang on the wall might turn out to be. ■

READINGS

Cliff Hazzard's new novel, *Strip Tease*, put me firm Knopf has the following disclaimer:

THIS IS a work of fiction. All names and characters are either invented or used fictitiously. The events described are purely imaginary, although the accounts of topical creamed-corn wrestling are based on fact.



The Second Life of Willie Morris

IN ORDER TO WRITE an autobiography, a person would have to live two lives—in theory, at least. In fact, it seems as if Willie Morris has lived about a dozen lives. In his first autobiography, *North Toward Home*, published in 1967, he wrote about several of them: his boyhood in Mississippi, his life at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, his involvement in Texas politics in the editor of *The Texas Observer*, then his arrival in New York as an avid outsider going to work in magazine publishing.

Now, in his second autobiography, *New York Days* (Little, Brown), out this month, Morris tells how his identity was focused at thirty-two, in the spring of 1967, by a life-changing event. "When the word got out in the New York morning," he writes, "that I was to be the editor in chief of Harper's, almost overnight, it seemed, I was one of them. 'They' became 'us'—the difference was altogether remarkable."

Harper's in the years of his editorship was a truly remarkable magazine. His accounts of the content of various articles in that turbulent decade are fascinating, interesting in the story of his going up to Princeton, on deadline, to

collect the typescripts of what became Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, the longest piece ever to run in a single issue of a magazine—nearly thousand words written by Mailer in six weeks, God knows how.

During his years at Harper's, Morris encountered virtually everyone of importance in America at the time, literary or political. After he led the mass resignation of editors at Harper's in 1971, he never went back into magazine work. "...although I had many offers," he says. Then he says, leaving it all: "Oh, I missed that life for a very long time indeed," he says. "I missed the power, the gratification, the perks, the excitement."

Back again in Mississippi, Morris has summed up the glory days of his past with what seems to be total recall. ("I'm blessed, or cursed, with an incredible memory," he says.) Despite the presence of the editorship, the time is as down-to-earth American as its author. For instance, somewhere in the book (I won't tell you where) is one of the greatest flipping-around-the-stories-ever-told. Don't miss it.

—RUST HILLS



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ON NEWSSTANDS
AUGUST 31st

Mind Power Breakthrough!

Plug Your Brain Into This Powerful Mind Machine To Zap Stress, Boost Mental Powers, And Launch Your Mind Into Virtual Reality-Like Fantasies. Plus Get \$600 Worth Of Free MindWare™!



By Dave Spotts

After a stressful day at work, I put on my open eye device, plug in the "Dreamtime" tape, and pre-program my SuperMind™ computer for a "history" day. Three seconds later I launch the dual induction I've researched, at 500kHz, virtual reality machines. These induce audio-visual gates that integrate your consciousness into an artificial computer model you manipulate with voice commands and gestures.

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associates states of consciousness with dominant frequency activity, this machine induces your brain into the Alpha Theta pattern. Ordinarily, in the Alpha state, when a conscious mind deep meditates and mental imagery Zen monks and yoga fans are known to achieve Delta level (comatose) and you experience an ecstatic

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will image and behavior patterns are your subconscious. On my playing into the SuperMind™, you could obtain a hypnosis state in seconds.

There's nothing more a five minute daily day has numerous benefits, including boosting the immune system, reducing anxiety, IQ, and psychic abilities along with increasing longevity of psychological well-being. The use of a pocket excitation, it's so portable I take it with me on business trips to last-minute and bring. For a little while has been at the top of your brain in 10 minutes is enough, but it's only part of the story. Because that machine can also be used to enhance learning and memory, you're not self-deceiving. This is true!

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MARK JACOBSON Off the Charts

Brother from Another Planet

ONE WORD-POWER, weary prodigy nearly twenty-five years ago, something, self-logged and head-crushed down by the turbid East River, yours truly encountered the more mythic Science Artista, dressed in shamanism-kell, rames, flowing robes, and high leggings, just as it was Monday night at Stage The Arizans stood unspoken, staring up at the cloud-

screen they engaged in secret ritual. At the (heli) center of the assemblage, seated in spangly, gold-leafed showbiz cap, was the Sun himself: Ra. Not wishing to intrude, yet blindly hip, I could only say, "Space is the place."

To which Ra nodded yes. Space. Very definitely the place.

So it was then and so it remains today, even after the so-called death of the Grand Solarist on May 30, at the reported age of seventy-nine. We must count those days and states, owing to the subject at hand. Despite his induction into the

Albion Music Hall of Fame by George Walker in 1991, can it be wrong, for sure, that Sun Ra was born Herman (Sonny) Blount in Birmingham sometime between 1910 and 1914? There is documentation of a Herman Blount playing piano for Fifth Avenue Wynton Harris and Le-

vern Baker and the same Mr. Blount arranging for the Fletcher Henderson Band (in 1942), as well as an association with Stuff Smith, B. B. King, and Coleman Hawkins (who said of Mr. Blount's charts "Only music I ever saw I couldn't play"). But Sun Ra denied ever being Herman Blount. People say I'm Herman Blount, but I don't know him," the Sun said. "That's an imaginary person." Imaginary on Sonars, at least, which is where the real Sun Ra comes from, he said.

Tight-as-hoppers in suits and ties (usually) the people Ra was talking about when he said, posthumously, that musicians were "cut off" on this planet, their place taken by actors with movie minds) have tended to

dismiss Le Sun as slightly less than serious (But isn't? A clown, a charlatan, a hackster, they said Ra was, charging that great players like [John] Coltrane and [Marshall] Allen had somehow been "broomed" into wasting their thirty-odd-year careers playing his cultish spaceways. Born devotees of the International, those known to Ra as, "Wake up now, it's not too soon [cause folks are up there, waitin' on the moon]" and choir waddy as Ra loomed like Legba from behind his Parisianque

A LONG, SPACE TRIP! The first band, circa 1955, Sun Ra plays piano in the near Belair; the Sun King, the early 1970s.

Moog, are apt to indicate that with the Arizans, the show's the thing.

Now the show, on earth, appears to over. What's in the hand/works of the vintages, which used to be mostly composed primarily of scratchy (funky) released (sort of) by Ra's own Saturn label. Some of these celestial artifacts have remained to the temporal plane in the form of a recording set from the Cosmic Bookies, Philadelphia-based Residence Music, and—let's it be noted that Ra and his Arizans produced a body of work that makes a

mockery of any "idiotism," Afrocentric piggy-bank under the night went to cross it into. On these days (covering the Chicago/New York non-free blow up, 1953-1970 period) Ra is revealed to be an artist whose remarkably inclusive (some say corny) concept circumvented the full sound spectrum. In other words, Ra might have been very gone, the ultimate of comers, but he was so slowly on.

I mean, you just don't know until you hear "Take the ten discs, play 'em any which



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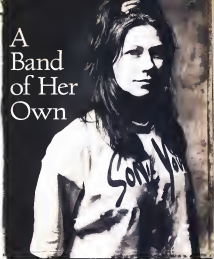
M A N

way. Anomalous about On the 1970 Sound Sea Floor sent Ra messages to faithfully you thoroughly attack the edge of even black's envelope on "Round Midnight." Stepping on to 1976's monumental Come Time for Mental Therapy, the Afro-inflections, sounding not unlike a Japanese gamelan orchestra work up a fabulous neo-vaudeville rhythmic pattern on "Adolescent Equinox," something Raft might have imagined if he had a twenty-second century neocortex transplanted to his head. On "Sketch" and "Pleasant" from the otherwise theory and schematic Other Plans of Time, minor Galeano (even when so many suspect Culture got the reason for the storm of sound), also plays Allen, and the deeply under-represented business Pat Patrick muscled hop lines and apt these out word and pretty.

Evidence will soon release more CDs, which is an excellent thing. Their Ra stuff has meaning, sound, quality considering she has seen far to most much of it on an old Williams. In keeping with the authentic Republic Pictures set it looks like forward, the CDs mean the original pulp space-doodle artwork. (I look at the mooncape on Jazz in Silhouette.) Included are curious liner notes by an array of critics, each claiming something has changed in the inevitable war of jazz polemics. But that any of these critics figure to get it right. This set, it's like Sun Ra says on My Brother the Wind III (there is no volume one): "Somebody else's idea of somebody else's world is not any idea of things as they are." M



A Band of Her Own



A NEW DEAL: Kim Deal, the sixth member of alternative rock, comes to the fore of the stage

ONE BACKSTAGE I had to use him," says Kim Deal, explaining her love of early disco. "I took a piece from the old player and rubbed it in my hair. I had to—that stuff was really bothering me."

Self-consciously opinionated, Deal is often at pains to deflect her fame on the specialized world of alternative rock. Known previously for her smart, mature backing vocals and harmonizing bass lines in the neo-defence Pines, she is poised to use her own band, the Bratons, to place the Pines' sound. If anyone doubted her ability to front a band, the Bratons' first record, *Pod*, in 1990, proved that she was more than just a pretty voice. Pines included Morone,

who took the band to Europe with them last year.

Nowhere on the rock-chick spectrum—moving from ethereal soul to spiky-headed futurist—Deal is a very hard-driving, toughy who sells out the local "Jazz Ball" every week from her home in Dayton, Ohio. Her songs have the same message—the daily-grind-as-is of someone who can change careers in the peak of her career.

With the Pines broken up, Deal could have opted to go solo. Instead, she decided to share the wealth, going as far as to enlist her identical twin sister, Kelley, as lead guitarist for their new record, *The Bratons' Last Splash*. Naturally, Deal taught her sister a few things. Like how to play guitar. And never in better with cream cheese.

—NATHANIEL WICK

A Beautiful Western Saddle. **Curlew** (Cameron) Downtown to the max.

TOP: DANIEL CLINCH

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 59

I'll Fish Manhattan



A RIVER RUNS AROUND IT: All you need is a rod and reel, a couple of fish, and a subway token.

IT WAS NOT exactly communion with nature, but it was noticeably close. "See that trash can at her feet?" Captain Shuany said. "That is about fifteen feet in front of it." The fish were enormous and green against the darkening New Jersey sky. They were those of the Statue of Liberty. A few false casts and a double haul that Lefty Kish would disown as an "underwater ripper" and I landed a fly Nighthawk. "Closer," Shuany said. "If they're there, they're right up next to the wall."

Whether it was the felicity of my double haul or, as I prefer to believe, the famous backing of the boat—a sixteen-foot Mako—and the wind gusting from the direction of the Verano Narrows, I never did get a fly to the spot. But we did put a few swimming plugs directly in the trash can with the lights spinning inside. Joe Shuany keeps on board for

the majority of castaways who are not (yet) fly fishermen. Still no fish. "They're not there," said Shuany, who, when he is not conducting fishing charters in New York Harbor (1994-1995), is studying the habits of striped bass for an environmental consulting firm. "They always are when they're there. Last week we caught forty fish a night."

The fish were in at various places along Governors Island, where we took sightings off parking signs. They were not around the pilings of the naval ship. They were not in the deep trough between the Coast Guard cutter Diller and the dock, where we hoisted Clouser's raincoat off the bulkhead and went through the anchor hole and onto the ship. But then, as luck will, ours changed. We found fish.

At the spot, eerily lit by the huge Domino Sugar sign, we caught fish on every cast until it stopped feeling like

sport. "We were down around the pilings all night," well, let's just say that a Shuany's proprietary information. Call it Spot X. From there, with a live wild aniseel at the end of your line, you glance up at the massive piers of the Financial district, with the lights still beaming in the offices of even less fortunate slaves to industry, and wonder how it is you don't have Joe Shuany's job.

Most of the fish were relatively small—schoolies that had's yet been up the nerve to leave the Hudson for the Atlantic. And, for me, fishing from a boat is never as good as leaping up to your waist in surf. But it was striped bass, understand? No two-headed miscreants, either, but beautiful green and amber stripes on the line, in the hand, and then back into the water. It was fun! Only comes from Wall Street. I love New York.

—PAUL SCHWEIDER

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JOHN MARIANI Eat and Run

The Best French Restaurant in America

GEORGES FERREY has never denied that he's a "freaky crazy" chef. But then, he would say, is one of the good points. In fact, his manic obsession for perfection is what drives him and his staff at Le Bec Fin to come so close to it on such a consistent basis.

For nearly a quarter century, Le Bec Fin has been as much a creature in Philadelphia as the Liberty Bell. The food may be in vogue as Jean Louis in Washington, the décor as posh as Les gastrons in New York, and the service as impeccable as Plaza de los in San Francisco, but no restaurant in the country pulls everything together with such a degree of polish and professionalism. From the greeting at the door to the last chocolate truffle, it may well be the finest French restaurant in America.

To be sure, Le Bec Fin's sophistication conceals a wild backstage opera. Ferrey's management style—per Charles de Gaulle, put Mike Ditka in a nearby restaurant in the eye of his anger. Heaven help the supplier who sends him a less-than-perfect chicken. Pity the poor fishmonger who dares deliver scallops that are not the best to be found on the East Coast this day. But Ferrey is a chef who works the line with more energy than any of the younger men and women under his command and

never adds anything of them. He wouldn't do himself. He demands that the best dishwasher in the house.

Some say Le Bec Fin is too expensive, with its Louis XV décor, ornate engravings, and crystal chandeliers. But while other restaurants are cutting back on better places, many Georges has added two \$10,000 lobster parties just to make one extravagant dish. His idea of downscaling is to install an ornate bureau in the basement at a cost of \$150,000. And who else, *anybody* would offer fifty desserts each night?

A few years back, Ferrey's cuisine was costly contrived. He could never leave

God's handwork alone. He had to embellish it, enrobe it in pastry, wrap it with beurre blanc. But Ferrey, fiery again, has learned humility, his cooking is now clean, pure, simpler. Dishes like fine gas ravigot, grilled lobster in consommé and truffle butter, and fillet of lamb with Madras curry and apple chutney are masterful lessons in modern French cuisine, and each night he offers a surprisingly satisfying vegetarian item, like thinly sliced potatoes with ginger sauce or in the most fragile puff pastry imaginable. I would go to heaven without regret or resign myself to perfection if my last meal on earth included Ferrey's

sublime roast baby chicken with a sauce of pressed garlic clove accompanied by a side of quivering fine grain sword-washed beneath a garnish of mushrooms and cream.

The \$40 prix-fixe menu at Le Bec Fin seems steep, but it includes escargot, appetizer, fish entrée, chicken or salad, sorbet, as many desserts as you can eat, petit fours, chocolate, and coffee, with not a single supplement (except for this pressed lobster).

HAUTE STUFF Georges Ferrey in his kitchen. Above: tempête de St. Jacques, suprême de poulet, porc glacé au chocolat.



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M A N A T H I S B E S T

House Hunting

A Pied-à-terre in Paris



in the U.S. or the U.K., French banks lend money at a fixed 9.5 percent and exact a 3 percent fee as you pay back the principal. Anglo lenders are more than happy to undercut the French with variable rates that you can fix—or pay back—at any time. Location or collapse of interest buyers with a measure of confidence, but one to two flat years is the consensus. Bid low—even 10-plus percent. Taxes and notary fees come to 10 percent. Count on three months to broker the deal.

SHOPPING BY MINUTES: Mailed is the home shopping information/phone-sex network of France. It has up-to-the-minute real-estate listings as well as a service (*509 8000 France*) that calculates an apartment's value based on location, etc. view and so on.

LIBERTÉ À LA FRANÇAISE: In France you can be stopped, questioned, and searched without probable cause. You can be held for twenty-four hours without so much as a phone call. Generally such special treatment is reserved for Africans and people with long hair.

DOWN: Rent to a French person. Renting is an easy way to pick up financial slack in America, but let a Frenchman in the door and you're going to be a home to the leviathan. It's nearly impossible to evict him when the time comes, and you'll have to declare the income. Americans, on the other hand, are in a legal state of nature; they pay cash, leave quickly and, as one (French) agent put it, "They are better rated than the French. And more fun." —WILL BOHRETT

RUN ON THE RIGHT BARRI: Even the French have their price—and it's dropping.

THE PLACE: Paris, the Marais, a lean third-odd hectare of Grade A, swamp land domesticated in the 1500s, the very rat of the Right Bank. The old Jewish quarter, it's now about as cool as Paris gets—a rich smolder of artists and sensuologists, shoppers and fops.

THE ARCHITECTURE: Some of Paris's baroque galleysport of Gothic, Renaissance, Manner, Louis XIII, XV, and XVI and bits of modern trash. They be-came squares, gardenless.

THE MARKET: In catwalks or dance near Agents any mid-to-high-range apartments have dropped 10 to 40 percent since the Gulf War. While most in the area toward the Seine, a (very) small strata in reasonable shape with a winged kitchen will cost you anywhere

from 100,000 to 150,000, a large (540 square-foot) one-bedroom with exposed beams, 170,000 to 250,000. On the Place des Vosges, count on half a million for 500 square feet. Add 15 to 20 percent for a view. Parking runs 20 to 30 euros, or you can buy a place for 150,000 or so.

QUESTION OF COIN: Many old Parisian buildings were rebarbered in the 1950s.

SAVY, AMERICAN: New Paris may fall farther, but the supply of desirable is limited. Remove

THE LISTING

A 1960s loftlike neo-modern: Two seconds from the Musée d'Orsay, the Place des Vosges, high, peaked, and red-tiled ceiling. Six sets of windows, skylights. Price includes total renovation, new under way with a floor plan to suit new work, and "American" (i.e., furnished) kitchen. Parking across the street. Asking: \$348,000. Contact: Melina, Paris.

Yes, We Are Talking
Rocket Science Here.



Actually, considering that we're aiming for the highest quality ever, it isn't hard to understand why we build the new Chevy Camaro Z28 the way we do. Each car has to pass the critical eyes of a series of laser cameras that

measure the roughness of the dimensions. A team of inspectors who examine the paint under a bank of hot lights for any defects. A sonic test that checks all windows and doors to detect any noise leaks.

And then there are things like a new welding device (called a robogate) that also ensures the dimensional integrity of the body. And a Dynamic Vehicle Test dome-on-rollers at 65 mph to check that the engine, trans-

mission, air conditioning, electronics and cruise control all work properly. So much for the science part. Better strap yourself in for the rocket part. The Z28 is propelled by a 275 hp 3.7-liter V8. Harassed to a 6-

speed transmission. With a protection envelope that includes standard dual air bags* and anti-lock brakes (unique in its class), a 3-year/36,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty with no deductible,** and a 24-hour

Roadside Assistance Program††. The new Chevy Camaro Z28. What else would you expect from the country that invented Rock and Roll?


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Ben Franklin's great great great great great grandson,
Scott Toomey, with his Coach Attache.



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EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

How to Be a Consultant



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MORNING in American business. Not for you, but we're not talking about you. We're talking about me, because I'm a consultant! Guys like me, we run the planet. I'd say the future belongs to us, but that would be wrong, sort of. I mean, of course the future belongs to us. But the present belongs to us, too! Is it any wonder I'm so goddamned jolly? See my teeth? They're terrific! Know why? Because I keep them in extremely lean and productive shape, biting off heads of guys just like you! Hahahahaha!

Why aren't you laughing? You know what happened to the last guy who didn't laugh at my jokes? His dead ass! If you want to pick him up, you'll need a Dumpster! Wow, just look at the time. I've got to run. I'm facilitating a meeting of senior people who are having trouble figuring out the company vision. At least I think that's what I'm doing here—maybe I'm just measuring your office for storage space! Hahahahaha!

What's that you say? You wanna be a consultant, too? Are you sure? It isn't easy. You have to work very, very hard. A lot of the time you might as well be in show business—you never know when your next gig is coming from. But it's a good life, too. You're not surrounded by boring ongoing loyalty or the need to retain consistent positions. That kind of flexibility is a wonderful asset. Just ask our boy David Gergen, now contributing valuable outside perspective to the highest CEO in the land, going from GE Theater to Daugman Women without a blink or a burp. That's not good consulting. That's great consulting.

You really wanna learn the ropes? How—once in money, son, especially my time—But sure, why not? You could be a future client, couldn't you? I could waste this whole thing off, couldn't I? Maybe even develop a book about it later. Make you one of the characters! Yeah? I like that! So take notes. I'll be turning your lesson in on if you were laughing. Yeah—and we'll have to kill ya! Hahahahaha!

Just of all, unless you've never been employed in a real job at all (a serious possibility if you distinguished yourself at Harvard and went immediately into the parallel food chain), you're going to have to get yourself fired. This is not that difficult in this day and age, especially for people like you

and me, who find it difficult to form lasting attachments. Start by suggesting quality strategies that involve the wholesale destruction of the existing culture. This will get you noticed. Your superiors will see that you have trouble working with others, but of course so do they. They will also come to believe you are "brilliant," meaning that you say things that most people find difficult to understand, let alone refuse. "We could consider all centralized corporate planning," for instance. What does it mean? How would it work? Nobody knows! Eventually, you'll be forced just to add for corporate life. But when you're gone, people will recall you as a weird guy, not someone, who was not a particularly good person.

You're on your way. Now find a corporation you can really sink your teeth into. Once you get in the door, the tough part really starts. You can't just unload a ton of out consulting all over the lobby. You're going to go through the whole listening thing, really tuning into the client, then put back the most thing you put heard. If in your first meeting, for instance, Mr. Wood says, "The industry is suffering a decline in sales of 30 percent this year, but we need to grow sales by 10 percent," you don't turn first and yell, "Don't make any intelligent Get real!" On the contrary! After a good talk about, say, "leading both the short-term and our-time road lines," find back the original



He's as
ruthless and
unsentimental
as the age we
live in, and
he wants
your lunch

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

AMERICAN SCENE: BELLA STUMBO

The State of Hate



GIVEN HIS DRUTHERS ON this particular spring morn- ing, Will Perkins would probably be in some obscure Colorado farm town like Eads, where the mayor still openly refers to homosexuals as queers and where the population, all eight hundred of them, regard Perkins as the closest thing to an all-American hero since Olie North.

But those days are long gone. Ever since Perkins became leader of a group called Colorado for Family Values (CFV)—which wrote and got passed the nation's first amendment to a state constitution specifically deny- ing homosexuals and lesbians legal remedies based on claims of anti- equality status or discrimination—he has been in demand everywhere. Friends want to applaud him, foes want to see for themselves if he is the devil in disguise.

Tobey Perkins, a Chrysler Fly- ingault salesman from Colorado Springs, is well behind every- where—in gay-friendly Denver, one of three Colorado cities whose homo- sexual-orientation ordinances were overturned by the passage of CFV's Amendment 1. His audience is the City Club, a weekly luncheon get- ting of local businessmen and civic leaders, most of whom look the least bit happy as they eye the trouble- maker in their midst.

Only a few months ago most of them regarded Will Perkins's city, out-of-the-blue organization as little more than a speak on the local poli- tical horizon, just one more single- interest Christian rightist intent on mixing its not abortions or rap musicians but gays.

Probably some in this crowd probably once voted for Perkins's amendment—but nobody expects it to win. And certainly nobody ex-

pected the nationwide upset that steadily attended Col- orado's 55 percent to 42 percent vote for Amendment 1—bringing with it a national boycott of everything Coloradoan, from Sunscreen luggage to the Denver airport. So far the boycott has cost Colorado at least two million in lost busi- ness, and Denver is the hardest hit. Already many in that room—hotel executives, realtors, even attorneys—are feeling the economic pinch.

Most are also still trying to get used to leaving Col- orado branded in the national press as the Hate State. Or seeing bumper stickers slugging it out on local freeways: FAGGOT FREE IN '93, MURDER RATE AS HIGH AS FAMILY VALUES. Or hearing their mayor begging for national mercy on The Ar- mory Hall Show while the likes of Barbra Streisand and Whoopi Goldberg denounce Coloradans as bigots. And now, steep all else, Colorado faces in less a couple of years of angry legal battles as winners and losers fight it out in court. Round



THEY STAND WITH JERUSALEM: Supporters of anti-gay Amendment 1 gather for a massive service at Red Rocks, Denver, Colorado. They're eager to take their fight to the Supreme Court.

one began within weeks of the election, when opponents of a won a district-court injunction blocking its implementation. The state appealed to the Colorado supreme court, which will rule on the validity of the separation and possibly the amendment itself.

But whichever way the decision goes, both sides vow to take the issue to the Supreme Court if necessary. In the national battle over gay rights, the struggle over Amendment 2 is a historic first, making Colorado perhaps more important to the "Gay '90s" than even President Clinton's watershed bid to lift the military ban on homosexuals. "This is not only historic," says an attorney for the group that brought the suit to court. "This is the gay issue v. the bond of Education."

ANTIGAY FINES everywhere are aimed for fear. Since its decision in victory, CPV has already become an average resource center for angry conservatives throughout the nation. Groups in Michigan, Florida, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona, California, Washington, and Ohio are copying the Colorado amendment for their upcoming battles. Groups in thirty-three other states have also contacted CPV for advice.

So who is this Will Perkins, and what has he wrought? He sure doesn't look like a social incendiary as he smiles to the podium a trim, attractive man of sixty-five with a mane of silver hair and a calm, steady gaze. A grandfather and devoted Presbyterian, married to the same woman for forty-five years, he urges strangers, "Call me Will."

And now he turns the same affable charm on the City Club. "They named me chairman of CPV," he begins with a shy grin, "because who could turn the image of a word on its side? I'm unrepentable!" His audience laughs, sounding startled at itself. This fellow has the same self-deprecating style that made Borelli a frequent candidate.

New his face is filled with sorrow, even pain. He doesn't understand how CPV's goals have been so misunderstood by so many, he says. "They say this is a civil rights issue—but we think it's a 'special rights' issue," Perkins says quietly. Why, for example, should homosexuals benefit from the same legal protections afforded the truly disadvantaged—minors, women, the elderly, the handicapped—simply because of

what they do in their bedrooms? Why does wants their children exposed to sensitivity sessions conducted by gays in the classrooms and then given bonuses for wear-making it's on to us, isn't it?

Especially when it's not okay to be gay in Perkins's view it is both *stupid* and *unsubstantiated*. Nevertheless, he says CPV "has never advocated punishment of homosexuals. Obviously nobody should be denied a job or an apartment just because they're homosexual." All Amendment 2 does, he says, looking genuinely frustrated, "is deny them protected status."

But then, he adds, there's nothing wrong with discrimination either—it's just another word for free choice. Modeling agencies discriminate on the basis of beauty. Basketball teams favor the white. "It's like me saying that if you won't buy a Chrysler, then you hate me." He smiles goodly at the scattered chuckles. It's the same wherever Perkins goes. People want to hear, even if they hate his opinions. He is the perfect leader for his cause.

"Remember," he finishes, "the more you define liberty the less of a you have." With that, Perkins sits down to friendly applause. Here today, over approach and all-party puffs, he does not speak of pedophilia or sadomasochism—much less of golden showers, fisting, ingestion of feces, and other sexual practices that CPV cited during the campaign as reasons among homosexuals. These details he saves for private church gatherings throughout rural Colorado.

Besides, people are caring.

IT WAS AN EASY CAMPAIGN over a blatantly negative issue that all the pollsters agree would never pass, not in Colorado, which after all is not your typically rigid, right-wing state. Colorado Democrats, for heaven's sake, were among those from only five years to shove their vote to former California governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. (aka Governor Moonbeam) in the last presidential campaign.

So, few mainstream liberal politicians bothered even to address this fully antigay amendment that emerged from some obscure group assembly under the name of Denver. Indeed, all eyes were on Oregon, where heavy-handed right-wingers were attracting national attention with a flamboyant measure that asked voters



Our blue jeans come in some pretty funny shades of blue.

Around our house, we grew up believing that "blue jeans" was one word ("bluejeans"), because blue was the only color jeans ever came in.

Even today, that's mainly what you find at the Mall lots of jeans in indigo blue. Maybe some in black, maybe a few in natural—but not much else.

Well, at Lands' End we see no reason why jeans should lead so colorless an existence. So, we make our Square Rigger® jeans in ten delicious colors. (As a matter of fact, some seasons we also offer Overdyed Denims in five other colors.)

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Now, we know there are other prewashed jeans. But here's the difference: they're usually washed in harsh acid. It wears down the fabric by literally destroying a little of it. (Sometimes, more than a little acid doesn't always know when to stop.)

Our hearty 14 3/4 oz cotton denim comes out of the stonewashing looking nicely lived-in. And none the worse for wear.

Our 8 won't turn into a 6.

Let's you think the washing is merely cosmetic, we should point out it has a practical side, too.

Soaking our jeans pre-shrinks them. So, when you order, let's say, a Women's 8 or a Men's 34, you get exactly that. And it stays your size, wash after wash.

Like everything at Lands' End, we want our jeans to be at the head of their class. So, we fuss and fret over the tiniest details.

We make the pockets deeper, so your change won't fall out when you're sitting. We use sturdy, double-stitching on the seams, and rustproof rivets at critical stress points. (Incidentally, there are no rivets on the back pockets.

we'd worry about tearing your chairs. Instead of rivets, we use tough x-stitching there.)

Our price is preshrunk, too.

Believe it or not, our Stonewashed Jeans are only \$30. Which you would believe, if you got our Lands' End catalog regularly.

It's full of exceptional values—from Oxford button-down shirts to women's tailored separates, from our original soft luggage to kids' clothes and home furnishings.

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not only to run in gay bars to condemn them flatly as "perverts" too. They lost (At least temporarily) becoming to a personal attack, the Oregon Citizens Alliance is now targeting selected cities and counties for local referenda on gay ordinances—with six election victories in just one—while a statewide gay-protection measure remains stalled in the legislature.)

Meanwhile, in Colorado CPV has been quietly building the state with as carefully crafted amendments. Colorado for Family Values unfurled from the mayor that Colorado, backed by the Rockies, has always been a two-state-one-and-one. The election is as much economic as it is geographic: Western Colorado, with its cosmopolitan cities—Aspen being the crown jewel—has long been accustomed to alternative lifestyles and the sometimes bizarre behavior of the rich and famous. Eastern Colorado, by contrast, is characterized not by tourist attractions and easy money but by hard-struggling farmers, country-music bars, and, more especially, Christian churches, the going rightly rate for most of Aspen's poster board same-sexuals is more than most workers in eastern Colorado earn in a month.

Eastern Colorado is almost exclusively white and largely conservative, though isolation as much as anything else. During the '90s and '00s, my hometown, population eight thousand, had only one black family, one Jewish family, and a small Hispanic base. In southern governor Roy Romo, a vocal opponent of Amendment 2, was raised in the same country, where the vote for Amendment 2 won third highest among Colorado's sixty-three counties—71 percent. Like me, Romo probably never even met an avowed homosexual until he went away to college. That doesn't mean the people in these outlying areas are bigots—only ripe for the picking.

And CPV knew it. It won by a margin of one hundred thousand votes. Fifty-two counties to eleven on cities. While nobody in Denver was looking more than eight hundred thousand Coloradoans had voted to overturn gay-rights laws in

Aspen, Boulder, and Denver and to ban any such future legislation statewide.

That night, Bill Clinton victory parties all over gay Denver were dampened with tears and fear. The call for a national boycott of Colorado was almost instantaneous, and the three afflicted cities, along with a half dozen gay citizens (including lesbian senators and Aspen resident Marina Naves-Alvira), sued for the injunction.

Though the state failed (and still lacks) any consistent high-profile spokesperson to some national attention, the boycott took immediate effect. Dozens of national organizations—ranging from the National Organization for Women to the American Library Association—condemned their business, but to mention all the Hollywood celebrities who chimed in saving the world to shut Colorado so far, singer John Denver has been the state's most visible advocate, recently raising about \$30,000 in an Aspen concert to undo a More recently, producer Norman Lear's People for the American Way opened an office in Boulder to monitor the political agenda of religious groups in Colorado.

Denver mayor Wellington Webb's personal appeals on *Denver* and *Colorado* newsweek, were in vain. When Webb's fellow mayors turned on him too. Today, sitting in an office cluttered with chili lenses from his political peers, Webb tries to take the high road, but it's hard because he's so alarmed that Webb is Denver's first black mayor and a longtime supporter of gay rights. But not only did mayors of nearly every major U.S. city call for a ban on gay travel to Colorado, some, such as New York mayor David Dinkins, even urged that the annual mayors' conference, scheduled for Colorado Springs, be moved to their own cities. Despite a personal visit from Webb, Dinkins was fleeing, Webb announced that he would boycott the mayors' conference himself.

"I'm I am very disappointed at the failure of my fellow mayors to show more support," Webb says with quiet sadness. "But I am comforted that very soon they will have the pleasure of deal-

ing with this same issue themselves. Because if the measure is crafted similarly, it will also pass elsewhere."

Coloradoans are so burned up over national bullying and judicial interference that, according to some polls, as many if not more Coloradoans would now vote for Amendment 2 than before. When, wrapped in righteous fury that "the will of the people" has been thwarted, Colorado's true bigotry has been unleashed. According to the Denver Gay and Lesbian Community Center (GLCC), hate crimes against gays increased by 100 percent after the election. A half dozen gays say their houses tried to fire them the day after the election, thinking Amendment 2 had become law overnight.

Not are heterosexual sympathizers rampant. In Colorado Springs, businessman Richard Skorman, a gay-rights activist, says his bookstore windows have been smashed and he has been swarmed with hate calls on his answering machine. "Hey, whitey," rasped one caller, "it's time to wipe the yellow mark off your butt, or you deserve to lose your life! That is war!"

The accusations go both ways. CPV volunteers insist that they, too, have been deluged with hate mail and phone calls. CPV has lately taken to having security guards for its meetings, although violence has never been reported as any of them. So far, evidently, nobody has done anything worse than tell CPVers Christies incests and incests.

But anger and anxiety are everywhere in the air. On a recent visit home, I barely recognized the peaceful, live-and-let-live state where I grew up. Colorado is no longer a good place for either gays or their vocal sympathizers to be.

At the worst, you might think would draw Colorado's gay community together as one before. Wrong. Even in the metropolitan Denver area, with an estimated gay population of eighty-five thousand (and where the vote against it was 56 percent to 40 percent), finger-pointing, backbiting, and anonymity are now the order of the day. One leading gay group accuses another of stealing its mailing list, the accused group charges the other with picking its own people with anti-campaign donations. Black and Hispanic homosexuals, plus many whites, attack the campaign manage-

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ment for being "most and endearing-est." And so on.

Most gays also distance themselves, at least publicly, from the national Boycott Colorado movement for doing more damage than good, for hiring racists, gays, lesbians, and the very cities with gay rights ordinances instead of the true rednecked, outdoors who live mainly in rural areas with nothing to boycott (unless you want to check where the pain in your hamburger lies comes from).

Colorado homosexuals, especially those New York City's Boycott Colorado movement because of a clash with Colorado's *Severings* a Boulder-based firm with a liberal policy toward gays. What actually happened will probably remain a matter of debate forever, but, according to Colorado's owners, *Joe Siegel*, gay leaders threatened to dump his son into New York harbor unless he donated \$100,000 to the anti-bulldozing Siegel refused to be "extorted," he later told supporters. Although boycott leaders in both New York and Denver vehemently denied making such demands, the damage was done. (CFV supporters are as pleased with Siegel's public stance as in fact, that they are now promoting his son).

Meanwhile, at the watershed of gay leadership in Denver, the strongest voice belongs to Jim Williams of Boycott Colorado. He is to CFV's Will Probyn as a gay bull as to Old Yeller. "These right-wing nuts may be starting here," says Williams, but they're going to roll over the whole minority of their own. An Amendment 1. They lost an election, they lost the White House, they're going to lose the U.S. Supreme Court. So they're desperate. They need an issue that can pull them together again. And who's left? US! Homosexuals are the last group left in this country that it's still okay to immediately hate." Williams can hardly contain his disgust at gay critics.

"Now we're hiding behind the judge's robes, waiting for him to screw up," he says sarcastically. "Well, we better learn, right now, how to use ourselves." And as his view is unqualified no-compromises national boycott of Colorado is the only effective tool gays have left.

But, Williams admits, since the Colorado *Severings* failed, his group has been badly hit. "Now we're afraid to call for a boycott of almost anything for fear of being called bigoted."

"It's such a shame," he finishes morosely, "because all this was ever about was so simple, such a decent request. Please don't fire me, don't evict me, just because I'm gay."

"Our problem, like gays and lesbians everywhere, is that we've got a bad case of claustrophobia," says Linda Fowler, a lesbian contractor who is head of Mayor Webb's Gay and Lesbian Task Force. "We should've gotten off our butt during the election and gone out to those [rural] counties. As long as half the people in this state think they don't know anybody who's gay, ignorance is going to rule. We've got to come out and say, 'Hi. I've been your tax account for twenty years, and I'm gay.'"

But how? Nobody seems to know. Fowler says there is talk in Denver of organizing yet another group, Colorado Alliance to Remove Equality (CARE), which would consist of straight and gay businessmen who would do exactly what CFV has done: sit in, show out in the street, involving for the first time two rural counties to educate people to the truth about homosexuality. But the idea is only in its planning stages, she says.

"The fact is, we had to place our civil rights on the back burner a decade ago because of AIDS," says Sam Brownell, of Colorado Springs' *Ground Zero* shelter, without explanation, that he is a PMA, (person with AIDS). "We've been too busy fighting for our friends' lives and our own. Now we're so far behind these people in organization and strategy. Our only hope is that the rest of the country will help us, because we can't help ourselves."

IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE than one hundred thousand votes to save the Amendment 1 outcome around. But IFPC/Colorado, the nation's campaign organization, had almost nothing to reach into three quarters of Colorado's counties to show people what a homosexual even looks like,

instead preaching to the choir in the Denver area.

CFV barely bothered with Denver, firing out material into the houses, reworking at a grass roots level, mostly through churches. No dairy town was too small for CFV's attention, no fear too innocent to be ignored, no prejudice too ugly to exploit. Poor Colorado. It's not a hate state. It's a raped state.

COLORADO FOR Family Values was the brainchild of two Christian fundamentalists from Colorado Springs, Terry Mullen and Kevin Tibbels, who say it was the last straw for them when they heard that local homosexual activists were planning to push for a gay-rights ordinance similar to Denver's right as these ones backed.

Mullen, forty-nine, is a creative drug-using, poetry-writing, amateur Marxist flower child of the '60s with a creative-writing degree from Johns Hopkins University. But after a near overdose, he was born again and for the next several years bounced around the East Coast, between Jim Bakker's *Prince the Lord* (PTL) ministry in North Carolina and the Robertson's operation in Virginia, mostly writing for each.

Tibbels, from his Colorado Springs home, Mullen and his wife, Joyce, run a religious operation devoted to healing "sexual sinners," he they homosexuals, pedophiles, or necrophiles.

Kevin Tibbels's main claim to fame is that he is the son of archconservative Colorado state senator Mary Anne Tibbels, a sponsor of Colorado's "English only" law and close pal of Dylis Schley of the Eagle Forum. Like mother, like son—it doesn't take more than five minutes around Kevin Tibbels to understand that, for all his talk of being a serious crusader for Christ, here is a man, from the top of his blow-dried hair to the tips of his designer loafers, with an eye to high office.

Mullen and Tibbels did not write Amendment 1 alone. Instead, tapping their extensive Christian network, they were beneficiaries of some of the more determined, skilled conservative legal activists in the country—including at least one constitutional lawyer from the National Legal Foundation in Virginia, a Pat Robertson affiliate. From the outset, the far flung members of Colorado's "no special rights" Amendment 1 were wiring with the courts in mind.

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AMERICAN SCENE: BELLA STUMBO

CTV created an uneasy bond that brought together some of Colorado's best-known conservatives in attacking former U.S. senator Bill Armstrong and University of Colorado football coach Bill McCartney. All that CTV lacked was a narrator, respected figure to serve as both executive director and frontline spokesman: Will Perkins, well-known through church circles, was both perfect and willing.

Thus armed, CTV and its volunteers sailed forth early last year to spread their gospel. Besides his political campaign, he has undertaken the project of a target audience. CTV skillfully turned the cable on the EPOColoColo forum in almost every respect, preaching, for example, that, despite several studies to the contrary, there was not a scintilla of evidence to prove that homosexuality is genetic—and, thus, these devices could change their identities. "These 'scientific studies' are nothing more than political propaganda. Don't let this notion fool you," said CTV.

New finger the rhetorical glow from there on, CTV's clean-cut, goatee volunteers got down. Way down. Their homesteaded was contained in dozens of brochures and utilized news meetings, plus a twenty-minute campaign video called "The Gay Agenda"—which some Denver stations refused to air on grounds of obscenity. Not that CTV cared. They showed it themselves in prisons everywhere they went.

The video contains every disparaging kind of footage that could be captured on film of the most radical segments of the San Francisco gay community during an annual gay-pride parade. In the CTV film, you see some of the hundreds of ordinary, fully dressed homosexuals who also traditionally march in the parade—the doctors, grocers, and bank tellers. Viewers are amazed amazed only to the extreme elements of the gay community, mock masturbating and fondling their partners in their faces, the sadomasochism crowd marching along in their leather and chains, the signs proclaiming one is gay, and, of course, CTV's former group of all the North American Men's (or Love, American, too), featuring men marching with little boys ("Sex by night or it's too late," a NAMBLA man, shows up in most CTV footage). Interspersed with the explicit footage are interviews with "reformed" gays, now reportedly happily

married to women, plus a couple of senior doctors who stop just short of calling AIDS God's scourge against queers. To this day, Will Perkins creates the film, which concerning him.

But the video is nothing compared to CTV's campaign brochure. In one, titled "Medical Consequences," statistics on crime, sex, and sex with children, and stating facts are printed as the fact. Because love homosexuals are a threat to every American's health. "Most Americans who get AIDS from contaminated blood as of 1991 received it from homosexuals," the brochure asserts. Homosexual sex practices also lead to hepatitis A, herpes, and cancer. Worse, the brochure points out, in bold faced print, many of these people "are employed in food handlers at public establishments." (The pamphlet was produced by Dr. Paul Cameron of the Family Research Institute in Washington, D.C. How Cameron arrived at his sensational statistics is unclear. But in September 1991, the Denver Post reported that Cameron had been disavowed one of the American Psychological Association in 1981 for misuse of scientific data and later condemned by both the National Psychological Association and a "house judge for the same reasons.")

CTV's tactics finally became too much even for its own colander. Tony Merco, who quit last year, secretly reworking by way of explanation, that "it's easier to misstate than educate."

Ask Will Perkins about it and his kindly face momentarily flashes with anger. But not for long. "Oh, yes, it's scabrous," he agrees with Merco. But, he adds, with his sudden eyes, people have to know the real truth, "to offset the clouds of homosexuality that they're just like the rest of us because they're not."

Besides, it worked. Just picture it. Down in Kansas, Utah, and Phoenix counties, there at the local housewife, the farmer, the Made O Day drug-shop owner, all listening to Will Perkins discussing golden showers and fisting and this century's most baffling contagion, AIDS—on its way to their towns.

Predictably, a great many ordinary citizens feel in honor to their polling places on November 3 to vote on a 1991 for education. Sit for children. Ten to survive. Half, just to people sensation. Only to have their vote regarded worse later by a district court, which ruled that it was the state's burden to prove that the majority vote was legitimate.

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SINCE THE INDICTIONS, Coloradans have shown little willingness to sit down together for reasoned discussion aimed at compromise. Instead, there is an escalating edge of hostility to it all. After first denouncing the national boycott as "economic terrorism," CPV has now decided to fight fire with fire. Among its prime targets are the Apple and Digital computer companies, both with major divisions in Colorado Springs, both with known gay-friendly employment policies. A CPV official has also suggested that Levi Strauss may be next—"for criticizing the Boy Scouts' antigay policy."

But the ideological circus goes both ways. The Boulder police department recently announced that it will no longer support the Boy Scouts, since its policy toward gays is in violation of Boulder's ordinance—which is still in effect and the courts say otherwise.

MEANTIME, if the gay community seems locked in paralysis, Colorado for Family Values isn't. Its troops march onward, with greater fervor than ever, buoyed by the knowledge, as Kevin Tibbels tells his audiences, "that we can win without Denver and Boulder. We've proved it with *Amendment 2*, that thirty years of homosexual propaganda can be turned back—because there are more of us than there!"

CPV is now conducting weekly community-watch seminars throughout the state. The purpose is to teach the faithful how to discover homosexuals and their supporters in their midst and then combat them—drive them out of town, out of the schools, out of business, out of office.

On this particular Saturday, Tibbels and CPV communications director Mark Olsen, a pudgy, articulate young man with a full shag of a small ponytail, are making their presentation to about four hundred right-winged people gathered inside the First Range Baptist Church in Fort Collins, a conservative town on the plains leading out to Nebraska.

The program lasts three hours. It seems time to release dissent among in the magnitude of the homosexual cause. And, Tibbels gently warns, never forget that there is no heart to the homosexual agenda, no morality. Remember, they will threaten to kill you, if that's what it takes to shut you up.

"So pay close attention," Tibbels

continues. "You have to understand their tactics." Then, just as gay supporters compare CPV to the Nazi party, Tibbels turns the tables again. Homosexuals are the true Nazis. Olsen quotes briefly from Hitler's *Mein Kampf*: "Homosexuals—just like Hitler—are engaged in 'the big lie'—a plot to dominate the normal population to their deviant behavior. The only reason the Jews walked so closely to the gas chambers 'was because these men were simply not able to comprehend such horror, and [the homosexual] technique is the same [as Hitler's].'" Tibbels often enough and boldly enough and people will find it difficult not to believe you. . . . Almost any behavior begins to look normal if you're exposed to enough of it."

Tibbels and Olsen barely dwell on the sexual perimeters of homosexuals, note all that can be gleaned from the pamphlets and videos on the back table. *Thoughtless* are fine. The volume costs fifteen dollars a pop. "It's a terrible thing to see," Olsen warns, but what happened in San Francisco can happen in Fort Collins too. Because "homosexuals hate the normal—the family I have personally seen children at gay-pride parades with leather harness around their necks." The audience gasps. But CPV doesn't have, Olsen continues. There are just the facts. "And facts don't hate."

"This is war, folks," Tibbels shouts. "We've got to put them [liberal politicians] out! And we can! We can vote them out of office if they don't vote the way we want them to."

"Amen," murmurs the crowd. "Where do human rights come from?" Tibbels asks. "God, right?"

"Right," all agree in unison. In conclusion, Tibbels reassures the congregation that, when they meet their maker, they will be able to answer true the simple question: "What did we do on earth that had eternal value?"

So, "Let those stand with John Denver," Tibbels exhorts in his baritone. "We'll stand with Jesus Christ!"

"Amen," the crowd replies.

Afterward, the guests looked, some with eyes strangely adjusted, to pay fifteen dollars for a copy of CPV's poem book for private viewing later in their homes—after the children had gone to bed. Many also bought a twenty-dollar sweatshirt that reads COLORADO, THE HATE STATE—but how has been stricken out and goes instead in large letters beneath it



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1. Are you male or female? ☐ A. Male ☐ B. Female

2. What is your age?

- ☐ A. 18-24 ☐ B. 25-35 ☐ C. 36-44 ☐ D. 45-54
☐ E. 55+

3. Are you single or married? ☐ A. Single ☐ B. Married

4. What level of education have you currently achieved?

- ☐ A. High School Grad ☐ B. Post-Graduate Study
☐ C. Advanced College ☐ D. Post-Graduate Degree
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5. What is your annual household income before taxes, from all household members, from all sources?

- ☐ A. Under \$25,000 ☐ B. \$25,000-\$50,000
☐ C. \$50,000-\$75,000 ☐ D. \$75,000-\$100,000
☐ E. \$100,000+

6. Which types of liquor does your drink in the past 6 months? How frequently?

	Drink	Age	1-5 Times	6-10 Times	11-20 Times
A. Any	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B. Beer (Domestic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
C. Beer (Imported)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
D. Beer (Non-Alcoholic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E. Brandy	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. Brandy/Cognac	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
G. Canadian Whisky	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
H. Champagne	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I. Conchita/Liquor	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
J. Gin	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
K. Irish Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
L. Rum	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
M. Scotch Whisky	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
N. Tequila	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
O. Vodka	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
P. Wine (Domestic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Q. Wine (Imported)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

7. Do you drink liquor at home? Outside of your home?

- ☐ A. Yes ☐ B. No
☐ C. Drink at Home ☐ D. No
☐ E. Drink Outside of Home ☐ F. No

8. How often do you drink premium brands of liquor?

- ☐ A. Always ☐ B. Frequently ☐ C. Occasionally ☐ D. Never

9. How often do you order specific brands of liquor when out?

- ☐ A. Always ☐ B. Frequently ☐ C. Occasionally ☐ D. Never

10. For which types of liquor do you prefer a premium brand? Request a specific brand when out? Give us a gift?

	Domestic	Imported	Request brand	Gift
A. Any	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B. Beer (Domestic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
C. Beer (Imported)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
D. Beer (Non-Alcoholic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E. Brandy	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. Brandy/Cognac	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
G. Canadian Whisky	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
H. Champagne	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I. Conchita/Liquor	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
J. Gin	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
K. Irish Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
L. Rum	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
M. Scotch Whisky	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
N. Tequila	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
O. Vodka	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
P. Wine (Domestic)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Q. Wine (Imported)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

11. How often do you give liquor as a gift?

- ☐ A. Always ☐ B. Frequently ☐ C. Occasionally ☐ D. Rarely ☐ E. Never

12. On what occasions do you give liquor as a gift? (check all that apply)

- ☐ A. Valentine's Day ☐ B. Christmas
☐ C. Mother's Day ☐ D. Other Religious Holidays
☐ E. Father's Day ☐ F. Birthdays
☐ G. Graduations ☐ H. Anniversaries
☐ I. Thanksgiving ☐ J. Work Events

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VERSA CLIMBER



LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE: MICHAEL HIRSCHORN

call from Hollywood or 81 Newhouse
As Ben Simpson would say, I dig it

THE SECRET ABOUT the Groucho-fest, *Toby Young* and I attend a turbulent town meeting on violence in movies. This is an opportunity to witness about everyone's favorite subject: *American cultural imperialism.*

"When the playwright David Hume went on TV and said Keanu is better than Dylan," Landman says, recalling an earlier debate, "he was treated like this great resistance fighter against the *Mad-on-Romance* phobias." The comparison was absurd on its face, the *Romance* pointed out. The end result is that the *Rob-Dylan* team Chuck D or, better yet, whether *Star Trek VI* trumps *Star Trek V*.

No such back starting, that debate tonight. Jewish-Gaydoles prefer howling about monopolistic Hollywood behavior. In Europe, there is even talk of quotas. On the day, *Samuel Ken Loeb* argues that the onslaught of American culture can be stopped only by colonizing the capitalist system. Legendary Hollywood figure David Byrne claims as well a call to enforce standards for the sake of the children.

Young harrumphs in his seat, cross-armed, methodically muttering his byrds, he's dying to expose these well-meaning leeches for the two penny slanders they are, but the connoisseur mumbles, using as fuel of us in a *Malicious* *Toby* keeps going on about how Hollywood is even made for you all.

Young tends to self as the notion that "culture" per se is worth preserving as innocuous to socially responsible behavior. "This thesis," he says, "ignores the oppressively abundant moral content of most of the products of the American entertainment industry. It's all so drearily moral. Check out an average episode of *Baywatch* or *get-it?* basically, a civic lesson wrapped up in a bikini."

Young is an *Onion* robot as America-loving, rabid, a hard-eyed, subzero-chilled mover and shaker. A *Hollywood* *Don't John* *Beverly Hills* *Crusades* "He's smart," *Tom Shores*, the *Romance*'s former literary editor, says adamantly. "But without any depth whatsoever." Young is widely derided, unfairly it seems, the suspicion being that the response is just a vehicle for his self-promotion. Burchill is a defender. "There's not much happening here and people feel jaded and bored," *Toby* feels that

wherever he is, something's happening."

Toby will be famous soon. Furthermore, Burchill says, "He's deep with at least two supermodels." *Supermodels* "English ones," she clarifies.

BUT FIRST, the *Madness*, is *Burchill* about to be one, though she is smart enough to say something and absent of the subject. In the *Yes*, Burchill took a night and embraced Thatcherism. Her *Maggie* *Infomercial* peaked in 1994 with the *250,000*-selling novel *Andrew*, a sloppy "fucking and shopping" ode to upward mobility that achieved the sly trick of attracting power-probably with the righteousness of a spiritual crusade. "No, dear," her *brother* chides a new-age boyfriend, "not anyone can sell out. Only the class line can get the opportunity."

The book may have been discussed as just another *Julia* *Kenn* knockoff, but for a sophisticated feminist subject, namely that male "concerns" about women becoming *brutish* were only a way to deny them their due success. A neat trick, *Toby* *Stansbury*.

With a second novel now in the works, Burchill has settled in as youth apologetics in the downmarket *Mad* on *Sunday*, where she is paid (she says) \$10,000 to write a weekly column.

Burchill identifies herself as both a Thatcherite and a communist, which seems paradoxically befuddling. So, too, is her repeated insistence on the *Green* that "I'm a communist for you all." You know she would say in her mind, it's both an expression of insecurity and a challenge. Burchill, for all her working-class shenanigans, is notably well-read and methodically readable. But how she fights it. "I'm very nationalistic," she insists. "I'm positively blue, really right-wing!"

So it stands to reason that she also calls herself a *Shakespeare* "good fan," she says emphatically. To wit, "No matter what happens to me or happens to the world, I'm sure of something. All these people who are much cleverer than me"—she gestures at her boys—"they're not sure of anything. I know that one day it [communist] will all happen again, it will happen. These people who are so clever, they will have no place. Of course, I will be miserable!"

And unlike Uncle Jack, she'll quote that poem: —

Michael Hirschorn is the author of *Notes of Empire*.



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Tanqueray Sterling Vodka



photo by Aldo Rossi

Peter Alicka grew up in the cult of the beat, the iron truncheon, and the ghost of Hitler.

He tried to get out, but in Germany, history takes no prisoners. By Guy Martin

THE SHORT LIFE AND SOLITARY DEATH OF A YOUNG NAZI



TWO YOUNG MEN died in Hoyerswerda last February. One was a roadie for an out-of-town band called, of all things, *Nikromantik*. His name was Mike Zerna. After a Friday night gig at a Hoyerswerda club, Zerna was beaten and locked senseless. Then his van was rolled on top of him. He lay crushed but alive under the van for a half hour. He died six days later in the hospital from the blood that had congealed in his brain.

Hoyerswerda is a strip-mined town in the brown coal region of what used to be East Germany. It is a true crop town that has been killed because as crop is too poisonous for the new Germany. But in the future for the town, it now sits in a vast chain of dead coalpits, bleeding wastelands on the scale of the Grand

Canyon, those and four miles across. All of this would be acceptable if Hoyerswerda had been abandoned after they shut the mine. But it is more complicated than that. Hoyerswerda is a ghost town with seventy thousand people still living in it.

The young men who killed Mike Zerna were from Hoyerswerda. They had gone to the club where Zerna's band had played because two of their cars had been bathed with chains and bats there earlier that evening. They wanted revenge. About thirty young men went on the ground. Zerna had the misfortune to walk out of the bushes near his van, which they were busy destroying.

Over the past two years Mike Zerna's friends and their comrades-in-army have achieved considerable fame



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HOYERSWERDA SITS IN A VAST CHAIN OF
DEAD COALPITS, BLINDING WASTELANDS
ON THE SCALE OF THE GRAND CANYON,
SOME THREE AND FOUR MILES ACROSS.



Photographs by Gilles Peress

in Germany. They are Nazis. They are the same young men who, in September 1992, attacked two foreigners' houses in their town with stones and Molotov cocktails every night for a week. Fifteen hundred police and border troops was unsuccessful in holding them off. The German government had to evacuate the foreigners under cover of darkness.

Hoyerswerda served as a temple. A dirty, granite glow was at least, all sorts of new behavior was possible, all over Germany. Within days there was a wave of arson attacks and beatings of foreigners in twenty towns in eastern and western Germany. Consequences were made in Kassel/Braun, the night of broken glass in 1991. It was the worst wave of ethnic violence in the country since the Nazis were in power.

The second young man to die in Hoyerswerda last February was a charter member of the group that started it all. His name was Peter Aladie, or Little Ali. His death is more complicated than Zerna's. Peter Aladie was at the club when Mike Zerna was beaten and crushed but did not take part in the beating. He stayed behind as it was discovered that Zerna lay dying under the van. He tried to fight the van with another boy. He wanted for the police and the ambulance and he gave the police his name and address. Then he went to find his fellows and tell them the news.

Little Ali was arrested at his girlfriend's apartment the next day. He went easily with the police because, he said to his girlfriend, he had not done anything. They interrogated him for a day. He was forthcoming in the middle of the afternoon of his second day in custody. February 20, a Sunday, Little Ali asked for a cigarette. Twenty-one minutes later, at 4:00 p.m., as the police went to take him to be assigned, he was discovered hanging by his neck from the grate above the cell door. He had fashioned a noose from his shirt.

BOLLWERK, OR BULWERK, Hoyerswerda's own three-man deathhead rock band is in work on an anthem about their friend Peter Aladie. The group is composed of Ralf Anger, guitar and vocals, Steven Schen, bass, Mike Füssen, drums. Anger writes all the songs. They're practicing in the youth club attached to WK X, Wohnkomplex Zehn, or Living Complex Ten. The housing projects are named, in East Bloc fashion, according to number, the higher the number, the newer the project. When you ask people in Hoyerswer-

In the subject, from front to back: Ralf Anger, Mike Füssen and Steven Schen of the group Bollwerk. Below: Anger drinking beer at a rehearsal. Right: Bollwerk sings in the street in Weimar. After 11 hours inside Hoyerswerda.



going home. The police stay on them. At a dead end the game is up—they can't maintain the fiction that they're going anywhere. The police get out. The show ends with the police. With this many people it's like a radio car enjoying itself at dawn.

The police lead them in a short conversation and then drive off. I connect behind the police didn't find a reason to take these people to jail. I walk up, three boys and two girls—teen, sixteen, and a couple of something bigger. A man in a suit. A little bearded fellow jumps around in my face, making a V sign and chattering. "Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto!" he keeps saying. "Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto!" he keeps saying. "Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto! Alto!" he keeps saying.

It seems to be the sort of thing that gets and holds something away from—this hectic, manic, eddy of happiness be-

fore people start smothering one another's faces into the asphalt. But no. Everybody's just driving. And there are girls here, after all. We introduce ourselves. There's Mollie, a twenty-seven-year-old blonde with your basic full-body tan, but someone got Corset, Swen, or Spock, a big baby-faced fellow whose nickname translates as Little Isaac. Andrea Bender and her boyfriend, Jörg Pfaff, called Pfaff, the sporty little guy who wanted to know if everything was bright.

"So drink to drive, they go into any car and we lead for the Palace, a bar in the little village of Luchter, a few blocks outside Hoyaerswende. Just a dance hall in Althausen, it's done in twenty years, and people are jumping around it more from the Seventies. The boys suck down a few beers. They are sure of a sort. They are immediately surrounded by a tumble of people who don't affect the full skin costume of lawless's home and police. T-shirts but who are clearly fans.

There is some indignance floating around the Palace this evening or evening-fair night, left-wing matters, have come down from Berlin for the weekend to beat up Nazis. They were just here. Nobody in Hoyaerswende likes to be told what to do, and as self-respecting Nazis in Hoyaerswende seem to go out of his way to avoid a fight. So they may and some around for a while. Pfaff looks as if he's about to start a hole in somebody. Alto! Alto! Mollie is almost catatonic; with what I think is alcohol poisoning. But that means nothing. Swen tells me Mollie is always catatonic. I'm pushing Mollie to be the one to get beaten to death with some truckloads of these boys from Berlin come back for a ragtag.

Swen, the gentle giant, shepherds us to the front porch. Then a kid in a bandanna and an expensive fringed jacket enters the theater of mocking life. But nothing is done the moment of a well-lit and loud. It is outside. Pfaff has his off the porch and shows his nose at such and a half from the kid's bloodless and smiling face.

"Alto! Alto!" Pfaff says.

The kid has friends in the crowd. Pfaff doesn't care—he's drunk enough to take on all of them. Swen hunches over



Clockwise from left: The funeral drifts into a local Solingen May 15. The flag-wrapped coffin of a victim makes its way to Recklinghausen. Griefers June 2 at the entrance to a church in Solingen. June 2 at the entrance to a church in Solingen. June 2 at the entrance to a church in Solingen. June 2 at the entrance to a church in Solingen.

to separate them. In the moments of being pulled away, pain licks across Pfaff's face. He's been denied the exercise of rage.

It's late. We grab a drink at another country bar and drive back to Hoyaerswende. Slowly they reveal that they are Peter Altknecht's friends. Pfaff is still on probation for attacking the long-haired blond with Altknecht in '91. They grew up with him, they fought alongside him; they drove the foreigners from Hoyaerswende with him, and now while, when the boy is attacked from strangers, they will hurry him. "We have a friend who was killed by the police," Pfaff says.

His head rolls back on the headrest. "Wouldn't suit you," says New York, he says. Tell me something about New York.

There is trouble, starved longing here, and monomaniacal self-defense. Pfaff knows the world is going to squash him soon. Right now it's just off making up its mind how that is going to happen.

YOUNG PETER ALTKNECHT has left a lot of family behind in Hoyaerswende: a sister, a brother, a mother, a sister, a brother, and a child in care. When he died, his girlfriend, Peggy Dandla, was two months pregnant. Altknecht was ecstatic about becoming a father. He ran around showing his friends the sonogram. He was living with Peggy. He had construction work. Peter's friends, both in jail and out, agree that he was on a long, slow march out of the scene when he died.

Silvio Altknecht, or Big Al, Peter's older brother, is twenty-six. He is a carpenter and is friends with the skins who were chased around Peter. But Silvio is different. He is old enough to have survived the dissolution of East Germany with his personality moderately sane. He still has some hope.

On playing down one night in a housing project pub called the Pate, the Beer Joint, where Silvio arrives. He

THE CURS OF SOLINGEN ARE LINED WITH POLICE, THE HEART OF SOLINGEN IS POISONED AND NOT PREPARED FOR THE ATTENTIONS OF THE WORLD.



drinks for a while and then says "What to go on a tour of Hoyaerswende?" We hop into his Trabi.

"This is the Elster River, which divides the old and new towns," he says, the only car bounding over the little stream, "and this is where we work." We have just a building on the cobblestone square, and he goes a down another street. We pass the gibed police station. "Then," he says coolly, "in where they killed my brother." It is the police due. Silvio needs to tell me his brother's story.

Peter was curious and energetic, he says a few days later. "In the third grade he got sent to the Russian school,

which was a mark that you were good in East Germany. He wanted to be a biologist. He had his shelf of books, from which he would always snare off. He was quick with a pipe, and he liked himself. He dropped out of school in the sixth grade and did an apprenticeship at a coal plant. It wasn't what he wanted."

Then came what Silvio Altknecht describes as the rise of the great Swen and Jörg. He means his brother's adolescence. "Because he had studied history really well, he landed into the scene, into the Nazis," he says with some distance. "His buddies were all doing it. The way it was before unification, to best up, rugged was standard operating procedure, you know, the Moslems, or whoever. Everybody did it. It belonged to Hoyaerswende. Just before there was any Right or Left. In fact there was no Right or Left in politics. There was just Hoyaerswende."

Peter Altknecht seemed sure under the East German regime for being up a Moslem and coal miner and for having sung a World War II underground song while he was drunk one night, waving home on foot. East German jails, where he sat for fifteen months, were not pleasant. He was paroled in October 1990, dropped whole into his country's greater poverty machine. Through '91 and '92 he lived with friends in Hoyaerswende, Bremen, and Munich, but none of these boys is into this world. To a man, they all bounced home, lost their homes, and of course drinking heavily. Then Hoyaerswende had in September in '93.

This September was the beginning of a spree for Peter Altknecht. According to police, he was suspected of violent crimes in January, April, and July of 1993. At the time he died Peter was still on probation from September of 1991, but he had done nothing outside the law for seven months. For him, this was clean living.

The club, Nachklang, was for everybody, but especially for the "left-wingers, rightists." I was already there when my brother came, with Hans-Michael Peter. Hans got beaten and the car got derailed. Then they were back to the Youth Clubhouse and got everybody. When they came back, I sat inside with my little brother at the bar. A couple of people came in and yelled that it was all our fault, that a van had been turned over on someone. But we'll be in the bar. I have no idea what was left—I was drunk.

Peter Altknecht made his decision to stop to watch, to help. The next word Silvio Altknecht had of his brother was that he was dead. "We knew the police interrogated him for a long time," he says. "At 5:45 on Sunday he accepted a cigarette. When they went to go home for the arraignment, he had begged himself. Now, here is something wrong. They didn't tell my parents he had died until I got in the morning on Monday. That's new here. I can't forgive the police for that."

He means Silvio Altknecht says, "Friends of his have told me that he said if he had to go to prison again he'd rather just kill himself. Which is something he never said any of us. But I will tell you, to kill somebody, you don't have to hang him yourself. You do him yourself." [interview on page 154]



FINALLY, THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL IS HERE.
IT'S SEXY. IT'S FUNNY.
IT'S FURIOUS. IT'S TERRIFYING.
AND IT'S A MOVIE!

Short Cuts

ROBERT ALTMAN SHOOTS THE STORIES OF RAYMOND CARVER

BY TOM JENES • PORTRAITS BY DON BACHARDY

Somewhat alarmingly, the first thing that Robert Altman says to me, after we're introduced, is, "The dyed-in-the-wool Raymond Carver fans are not gonna like it." We're in Los Angeles, where Altman is shooting his latest film, *Short Cuts*, which is based on the work of one of America's most beloved writers. Carver, who died of lung cancer in 1988, inspired a short-story renaissance in the mid-

1980s and is read by millions around the world. Altman, Hollywood's best-known maverick, seems to be warning us: He is not making an homage to Carver.

Instead, Altman has taken nine Carver short stories and one poem, unceremoniously sliced them into scenes, and then freely reworked them into an episodic narrative that includes characters and scenes of Altman's own invention. He has assembled one of the most remarkable ensemble casts in any American film, and, advised word points to star performers scripted to reveal the emotional confusion of contemporary life. Matthew McConaughey plays a woefully level-headed neurosurgeon bent on paying a confession of adultery from his estranged wife (Julianne Moore). Tim Robbins is a connoisseur motorcycle cop who cheats on his wife (Michelle Yeo) and disappears his children's dog. Christopher Penn and Robert Downey Jr. are pot-smoking chums whose efforts to pick up two young girls end in the literal murder of one. Jennifer Jason Leigh is a young mother who pays her bills by providing phone sex to patrons, including the bishop of her par-

ish church, plus Anthea McDowell, Jack Lemmon, Lily Tomlin, Lyle Lovett, and a dozen others in characterizations of domestic disaster, which is primary Altman material.

In his thirty-five up-and-down years, Altman has made thirty-five motion pictures, including *MASH* (1970), *Nashville* and last year's *The Player*, which won him an Oscar nomination for direction and boosted him to new box-office heights.

Overnight, short cuts were from numerous at thirty moments to an independent production budgeted at a modest \$10 million, an almost ideal outcome for a director who has repeatedly said that he will never work for a studio again and then has been forced to.

Nervous for his temper and frodo, filled for his drive and stamina, Altman, at sixty-eight, remains physically formidable. Tall, broad-shouldered, big-bellied, he has been called a cross between Sami Claus and Moby-Dick. He is bald, with a white mustache and goatee, and light blue-green eyes that stare narrowly, and he has the pale complexion of someone who has given up cigarette smoking after a lifetime and



Tim Colclough: Robert Altman appears



Anne Hathaway



Leelee Sobieski



Tim Robergs



Madonna



Peter Gallagher



Frances McDormand



Julianne Moore



Matthew McConaughey



Jack Lemmon



Annette Bening



Bruce Campbell



Lyle Lovett



Jennifer Jason Leigh



Christopher Penn



Lali Taylor



Robert Downey Jr.



Huey Lewis



Rick Henry

Crumbly, Ralph Baez—a demurely male crowd, and what actually was most was that, as we pressed up to move to a night club, Carver, just leaning in a suit and bearded for his last movie alone. By the ginger way he got himself into the club and laughingly ducked the hands off around him, there was no doubt that he meant to put himself out of trouble.

But he was far gone for the friendly toasts that followed and had into the club. We were witnessing the Good Guy, but all of us knew about the bad guy, the one who was Lord of Misanthropy himself, the one who broke a whiskey bottle over his first wife's head and felt that his children were "eating him alive."

Reformed, Carver was far becoming the more famous short-story writer in the world, and the fact of his life were well known, partly because they were often the stuff of his writing and because there brings a peculiar public notoriety.

As I got to know Ray, I saw his unswerving friendship—the product of a decision to live each moment fully. His friends often remarked that he would take anyone just as they came, and consequently people told him everything about themselves. His generosity, his willing suspension of disbelief (even to the point of glibbery) made him a good listener. The other side of it was that he couldn't keep a secret and would tell anyone's story if it was a good one.

There is a well-known anecdote. A friend of Carver's once told him about riding a walk when one of the day a huge salmon fell onto the hood of a jeep nearby. Apparently a pelican dropped the fish from its bill. Later the salmon turned up as a poem of Carver's, and the friend asked if Ray told Carver, and Carver responded a woman and replied, "I guess I must have, didn't I?" Carver's good-humored lack of a grand effect on people. His death was widely mourned, and today the desire to know more about him is pervasive. His friends are often approached by readers who want to ask something without knowing what to ask. They want to hear tales of Carver, to sense the presence of the man whose stories moved them so much. In fact, so great have the interest and reverence for Carver grown that wags among his old friends are calling him *Sure Ray*.

For Altemus, who has previously adapted the work of such writers as Raymond Chandler, Alan Soper, Alan Watts, and Muriel Nazzari, filming Carver is perhaps the most ambitious project to date in terms of literary scope. When Altemus says the day-in-the-life of Carver (like any) going to like the film, the context is not only books to film

but also Altemus's desire to overturn preconceived notions of tragic films. Readers' familiarity with Carver's work and a century of Hollywood film-making have conditioned an audience response that Altemus wants to overturn to spontaneity. The question is: Can Altemus overcome a Hollywood law that says an audience does well in the box office?

ALTEMUS'S PRODIGES. Cary Brokaw and Scotty Bushnell, one of the set. Brokaw produced the film and usually turned down short film. His studio centered on movies of mystery and suspense in the script, and he worried that the film wouldn't be bankable. But the success of *The Player* changed Brokaw's mind. He's a big, friendly man with a shock of grey hair, wearing one of his football T-shirts. He's surprised to learn that he's on the set every day. Altemus, passing by, comments, "He's been every day because it's easy and pay him."

Between takes, Brokaw explains the financial aspect of the film. He raised the \$10 million for the project by selling domestic distribution rights to Time Line for \$5 million and the foreign distribution rights to Spelling Entertainment for \$5 million. Then he took these pledges to a bank and discounted them for a loan.

At this point Altemus comes over and leans on me, like a bear affectionately. I tell him, "Cary's explaining about the money."

"Yeah, tell me about the money," Altemus jokes and wanders back over to his assistant.

A little chastened, Brokaw calls after him. "The check's in the mail."

As an anecdote, Altemus has at times suffered the wrath and neglect of Hollywood. His rise as a filmmaker was arduous, beginning with internships in Kansas City and a teaching career as a TV writer and director. His path was far from easy in getting to trouble for doing an amateur script for *Combat*. "What's the matter?" he asked his executive producer. "Are you afraid your kids will grow up being war?"

He was well into middle age when he was noticed, after another director refused, to do *THE PLAYER*. It was his first big hit. Since then he has been on the rise and back in numerous times. Now, according to Brokaw, Altemus is in his golden age. "Bob is a lot less angry these days, with good reason. *The Player* was his comeback film. Still, he hasn't changed his mind about politics in the industry. Robert Altemus will never be deflected. His anger is healthy. He doesn't expect cars. He says what he wants to do and does it."

Altemus's own comment on the Hollywood establishment is assumed to have been given in *The Player*, which de-

scribes the guild and graft of a studio executive. Altemus, however, denies that the film is a satire on the biz, preferring to say that the film is a metaphor for America. But he's not slow to say what he thinks of studios. "They're afraid to say from now on the line of industry. They're afraid that if they do they might fail. And they probably would."

Altemus's coproducer Scotty Bushnell is a veteran of Altemus films. His role includes cutting, consuming, and what Brokaw calls on-line production. She is on the set from morning to night while Brokaw comes and goes lives his office. Bushnell, who is past middle age, anxious and has dark circles under her eyes and a quiet, easy-to-miss

and cheerfulness beneath a weight of colorful coats and glasses. She is reading a newspaper while Gallagher and I talk with Altemus about the career he will direct in Chicago. "When does it open?" Gallagher asks.

"October 31," Altemus replies.

From behind the newspaper, Bushnell says, "What are you going to wear?"

"I don't know," Altemus says cheerfully.

"It's going to be Halloween, you know," Bushnell says.

Altemus turns toward her and says seriously, "I'm going to dress as a witch and go to you."

Bushnell flashes and asks behind the paper, and one can't help receiving the impression that she and others over the years have covered Altemus's shadow for him.

The day's filming takes place in a bakery in a strip mall in Van Nuys. Annie MacDowell shows up, wearing to go on, and Mike Kaplan introduces me as the reporter from *Esquire*.

"Oh," MacDowell says. "I saw you walking around with that notebook." She seems wary of reporters and generally protective of herself. She's here to do her job. Period.

I have one question for her. I've heard her say that there are almost no good roles for women in Hollywood films. "Oh, I," she explodes with indignation. "They only want you if you have a voice like a woman, a body like a girl and a mind like a man."

But she then waiting for Altemus. "He called up and said, 'I don't care when you look like, whether you're fat or thin, you're me.' It's a look of pleasure and justification, just briefly across her face and changes again into irritation. "If one sees person acts as no less five pounds. I'm going to be ask. I don't want to go through it anymore, and I don't want my daughter to go through it either. We've made some progress but not much."

As the shooting resumes, MacDowell carries the scene. She is playing the mother of a child killed by a hit-and-run driver. She has come to the bakery after hours to confirm the baker who's been making harassing phone calls because she forgot to pick up the birthday cake she ordered for her son. MacDowell and her husband (Steve Davost) push their way into the bakery, and Altemus watches MacDowell say loudly, "Our son's dead. He was hit by a car the day I ordered the cake. We've been waiting with him until he died. There are no more birthdays for him. He's dead, you bastard. Goddamn you!" She runs a fist at the baker but her husband restrains her.

Her husband tells the baker, "Shame on you!" And the spell of hatred is broken. The baker offers and apologizes and offers the couple bread to eat.

In Carver's story "A Seal, Good Thing," the same confusion for long moments, the baker explaining that he is not an evil man. He speaks of his loneliness and of the sense of desire that came to him in his middle years. He is childhood. His days are all the same, his own endlessly full, endlessly empty. But he's glad he's a baker, because feeding people is a good thing. He shares his bread with the battered couple, and they say and talk into the early morning, with no thoughts of leaving. Carver offers a sustained moment of tenderness, anticipation, and connection.

In Altemus's film, the scene ends with a more intense sense of connection. The mother asks to see the cake she ordered for her son. The baker, shaken, responds that he threw it away, and she demands the bakery vouchers valuing it with a ready cake. Car. That's the last we see of those characters. It is a more final ending than Carver's, a darker ending. But watching it, we have no way of disavowing what Carver's film was about. Altemus has named Carver's vision and beyond it with his own.

During a break, Gallagher and I are outside on the sidewalk when a well-dressed businessman and his wife walk by and pause to ask, "What are you filming?"

Gallagher, who never misses an opportunity, replies, "It's a Robert Altemus film."

Impressed, the man says, "Oh! What's a call?"

Gallagher says, "Sure." Car.

The man smiles with less interest, "Oh! He's not." Gallagher considers him, then says, "It's based on three stories by Raymond Carver." The man doesn't respond. He walks away with his arm, peering down at his paper.



Annie MacDowell



Robert Altemus

JIMMY JOHNSON LIVIN' LARGE

With a mouthful of boudin, a fistful of hundreds, and a big ol' Super Bowl ring, the coach of the Dallas Cowboys heads home to Fort Arthur, Texas, and shakes everything loose—except, of course, his hair

By John Ed Bradley

AT SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO 11:00 A.M. the little black limo comes gliding off Highway 89, springing out off its point and momentarily blowing a crowd of local folks gathered on the main ramp. They're standing near to a sidewalk stage decorated with red-white and blue bunting, and fringed high above them is a giant green sign that until recently pointed to Seventy-fifth Street. Today the sign says JIMMY JOHNSON RING, and that is why everyone has come, to officially dedicate the road to the one person who still makes the place proud, and who, despite a life of pain, unadulterated glory, never seems to forget where he came from.

It's Jimmy himself they've come to see.

The unveiling is the first of many activities Fort Arthur, Texas, has scheduled for this day in late May—Jimmy Johnson Day, as the city has decided to call it. Later Jimmy will pose for pictures with quarterbacks from area high schools he'll sign autographs over at a library downtown, and then tonight he'll get his ass good and rained. That rain—Fort Arthur's second for Jimmy in just seven years—"may be the

biggest thing we've ever seen," boasts one of its organizers, speaking on behalf of the town's other fifty-two thousand residents. And the truth is you're plain shot in those parts if you don't hold a token. Everybody who is anybody will be there. And that is what they're expecting—fireworks.

The limo stops and after a minute Jimmy steps out, lifting a high-banded wave. Jimmy coached the Dallas Cowboys to a winning party win over the Buffalo Bills back in January's Super Bowl, but the way the crowd reacts so soon he could be a movie star straight from the planet Hollywood. As Jimmy truds along the newly paved ramp, people surge to meet him. Little Leaguers in uniform, old ladies in spring dresses and too much perfume, men in spiffy blazers and perhaps hats.

"Hey, J. J.," a woman calls.

"Why, hey?" Jimmy calls back, seeming to remember the lady's height, wrinkled face if not her name.

Jimmy's dressed in a blue-black double-breasted suit and a white shirt that darkens a ton he picked up last week in Vegas. He and his girlfriend, Rhonda Resnikowski, were seen for a little R&B, a little blackjack, a little whatever Jimmy proved he could cruise a six out there in the



THE WET LOOK. Jimmy Johnson, graduate of the Dallas hotel. Would you cut a day for the man for a hundred-dollar bill?

doesn't too. Take what happened at Caserta, for example.

One day Jimmy and Rhonda were out running by the pool, when all of a sudden these two goofballs started acting up over in the deep end. One kept springing high off the diving board and cannonballing into the water while the other threw him pines with a Frisbee. Everyone could see that as their own skinny middle-aged way they were crying out for a sign on Jimmy's water. Finally Jimmy decided to have some fun with them. He took a hundred-dollar bill out of his wallet and used it to tap on the board. "Hey, folks. If you can cut a flip and catch this Frisbee while in flight, this is yours. I'm giving you three chances."

The first two Frisbees sailed high over the man's head, then the third plopped down on the surface just as he was entering the water. He came up holding the Frisbee, don't you know, and started rugging Jimmy about pivoting up "I caught it," he kept saying. "Hey Coach, I caught it."

"You look like an honest man," Jimmy said after a long pause. "You didn't really catch that Frisbee, did you?"

The man gave Jimmy a sad pat on the eye. "No, Coach. I did catch it. I mean."

And what did Jimmy do? Jimmy crumpled up the hundred-dollar bill and tossed it out in the water, leaving the two fools paddling around for a Dorybody gookade was going crazy by now, clapping and cheering, speaking Jimmy's name. And Jimmy just lay there looking mean-as-a-cat beside his beautiful blonde girl.

WHICH BRINGS US back to Port Arthur and this story in time having a sweet married after him. At fifty Jimmy Johnson is easily the brightest man among National Football League coaches. By riding the Super Bowl, he became the first coach in football history to win a college national championship and a professional equivalent. And yet Jimmy is so sure of his stature, so perfectly at ease with his success, that he still remembers the folks back home.

That morning, in fact, Jimmy seems to remember every last one of them, and that's why twenty minutes go by before he can break free of the crowd and give a group of guys officially up on stage. Jimmy stands there with a wet happy smile on his face as one local dignitary after another salutes him.



PRODIGIOUS NOW
Johnson at the Port Arthur meet with his girlfriend, Rhonda, and Cowboys owner Jerry Jones, the next year. He came, he saw, and he conquered.

turns declaring just how wonderful a human being is James William Johnson.

"This goes back fellows and little kids hope that they may accomplish much in life as well," says Sam Monroe in to the microphone. Sam should know. He's president of a local college, and he denotes the Port Arthur Historical Society as well.

Out on the highway horns blow, diesel types hear leg tracks die near by. And then someone screams, "Give 'em hell, Jimmy!" just as he's taking his turn at the podium.

A hush falls over the crowd, then Jimmy clears his throat and begins. "About thirty years ago I was fortunate enough to play on a national-championship team at Alabama. Six years ago I met President Reagan when I was coach at the University of Miami. He shook my hand and said, 'Congratulations, Coach. You have the finest team in college football.' Then a couple of months ago I shook President Clinton's hand. 'Congratulations, Coach,' he says to me. 'You have the finest team in professional football.'"

"That was all very special, but what's more special is being back here in Port Arthur, where it all started. Port Arthur, Texas—this is and always will be my town. 'Next time I come we won't dedicate a street or have a celebrity meal, but I will be back with another one of these.'"

And then, to really get these going, to really show them whether made of Jimmy holds up his left hand and waves his hand—now super bowl ring, made super sure the diamonds shimmered through catch the last morning sun.

JIMMY JOHNSON hasn't lived in Port Arthur for more than thirty years, and the truth is the city has changed so much since he left that it hardly seems the same. People who care to call still remember the old days when pride in the place came easy, before you had to go around showing towns and campaigning for it. Jimmy is one of those. "He knows the town needs home like himself to lay claim to, and that is one reason he's happy to stay here his celebrity."

Jimmy left the area in 1976, at age eighteen, to attend the University of Alabama on a football scholarship and to concentrate what can only be regarded as a grand tour of life. After four years of college he became a coach, an assistant, and made stops in night towns before landing in Dallas as the head coach of the Cowboys, his first job with an NFL team. To make sure Jimmy

was just another, team owner Jerry Jones decided his salary in the off season to a million dollars a year. Until Jerry played more money, Jimmy's wages had been only averages for a man in his position. Not that money ever meant a whole lot to him.

"Jimmy and his hundred-dollar bill," Rhonda says when she subject of money comes up. "When he goes to the bank it's all he likes to go. And does he ever like to pass them around?" What happened in Vegas is just one example. Jimmy has

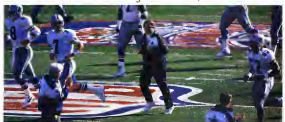
given out a hundred-dollar bill to someone quick to serve him. And once, down in the Bahamas, he threw a hundred into the ocean when he found out he was down on a money to find him. The money had been converted as a tip, and there it went, floating off in a crumpled ball to nowhere. It's half past noon now and Jimmy takes the time to his old school, Thomas Jefferson High, for the photo shoot. There's a banquet scheduled here for later this afternoon, and the notes have laid out tables of food for the evening guests. Jimmy hasn't had lunch yet, so he helps himself to a cup of Cajun dirty rice.

As he sits, Jimmy remembers those good old days at T J. The school was brand new back then. There wasn't any graffiti on the walls like you see today. Although he doesn't come right out and admit it, Jimmy was a BMOC. He was a star athlete, a good student, the owner of a fast car. He dated good-looking girls had a ton of friends. For money he worked at a local cannery washing out milk trucks. Scattered his friends there once. Last the real. Some people called him Sam Ford for all the milk on his scalp, others called him Stanley for how he was always good with a gun.

Jimmy polishes off the dirty rice, and it's late the quarter-balls show up. There are three of them, and they're clearly nervous about meeting a man of Jimmy's stature. "How you doing?" Jimmy says, offering a hand to shake. "How's that son of a bitch? Ready to throw?"

It takes about fifteen minutes to have the pictures done. When it's over the quarterback runs up a football and starts throwing to one another. They seem to be trying to surprise Jimmy, to see who can throw farther and who can catch the tightest spiral, but Jimmy isn't even looking at them. He's busy talking to a group of black kids, about one in all. They've formed a loose circle around him, and they're following him to the line, verbally talking at once, eager to make his attention. "Hey, Coach," one of them is saying. "How about you drop some money off my house?"

"LEMME SEE THAT RING," ONE OF THE KIDS SAYS. "IS THIS STRONG OR WHAT?" JIMMY ASKS, HOLDING IT UP.



AMERICA'S TEAM REUNITE: Johnson taking the Cowboys to Super Bowl XXV. Winning isn't the only thing he does here in his job.

great hundred-dollar bills to someone quick to serve him. And once, down in the Bahamas, he threw a hundred into the ocean when he found out he was down on a money to find him. The money had been converted as a tip, and there it went, floating off in a crumpled ball to nowhere.

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"Some money?"

"Yeah, Coach. Drop it off at my house. You want me to give you the address? It ain't too far there."

The boys press in closer. They're wearing baggy shirts and shorts, and their partially shaved heads look positively otherworldly next to Jimmy's famous cornrowed cap.

"Lemme see that ring," one of the kids says. "Is this strong or what?" Jimmy asks. He holds the ring up for everyone to see.

"No, man. It's right. That ring is right."

Jimmy doesn't let them look for very long. He puts the ring back in his pocket and then the other kids on his wall. It's a battered old thing, black, bagging with cash.

"Who can I trust?" Jimmy says. "Can I trust you?" He's focused on the biggest in the bunch, one who goes about two pounds. Big City has friends all over.

"You look like a man I can trust," Jimmy says.

"Oh yeah?" Big City answers. "You can trust me, all right."

Jimmy takes a hundred-dollar bill from the kid, and the boys scramble toward it, arms outstretched.

"Listen now. You take your friends out to eat on Jimmy Johnson, do you hear? I can trust you, can't I?"

"Yeah, you can trust me," Big City says, then starts springing toward the road that runs in front of the school, his pants down behind.

"Why, look at that," Jimmy says. He seems to want to head that way himself, but someone directs him to the line.

Jimmy checks his wallet to make sure he's got plenty more hundreds where that came from, then he pats on in.

YOUNG MANKIND EVER see Jimmy like this, that's what everybody in his entourage keeps saying. He's completely in his guard down. He's so loose and happy, it's as if he's a different person. He's crazy wild with energy, holding nothing, saying whatever comes to mind, remembering back in Dallas Jimmy is known for [continued on page 198]

HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS MAN?

The great Greyhound partnership of the '92 campaign has given way to the incredible shrinking Vice-President. Where does Al Gore go from here?

SOMETIMES AL GORE'S traditional earnestness can read your heart. He can be so desperately eager for you to follow him skittish as his flight of abstraction that it is hard to remember that he is the second most successful politician of his generation—not some hyper-kinetic assistant professor continually passed over for tenure.

Gore aides had warned me, but within two minutes of the start of my interview with the Vice President I was entranced in the dead serious parallelism analogy. Here we were, just as two Big Gays sitting in Gore's White House office on a sleepy July morning, free to schmoose about anything from the ozone layer to the Clintons, and instead of drawing out Al, I stumbled right into the main trap. All it took was an innocuous warm-up question about Gore's task force on reenergizing government—an ambitious effort to bring a Bushmeyer/Silapiero Valley style to the federal work force. Suddenly, the Vice President launched into his favorite challenge: discuss instant on-line-up management techniques.

"You know, I wrote a book about them in my book," Gore says, walking across the room

to retrieve a copy of his best seller, *Rank in the Balance*. Riffing through the index, Gore keeps up a stream of apologetic I hope I'm not boring you patter. "You may remember this across metaphor that I am so fond of about massive problems in supercomputers." The Vice-President catches himself and asks instead, "Do you have time to talk about it, or is it too arcane?" What can I do? He is the Vice-President. So I smile gamely and try to decide whether Gore at this moment resembles one more of Bushmeyer/Poller or Professor Lewis Clarry.

He is just getting to the good part—"Representative democracy was not possible until the invention of the printing press"—when noise arrives in the form of press secretary Maria Romash. Looking sheepish as if he's been caught once too often on an ethereal plane, Gore announces, "Maria, you'll be happy to know that I am just in the middle of a campaign with between representative democracy and America's Finest Film Video." Flaring the worst, Romash asks, "And massive problems?" Gore smiles. "It's all one and the same."



THE VICE-PRESIDENT CAN BE HARD TO ONE NETWORK BOOKER PLEADED, "PLEASE DON'T

A CLINTON is easy to lampoon but equally easy to underestimate. He is always in the room when the big decisions are made, whether it's choosing the Cabinet or deciding to lob one into the oval's room in Baghdad, but his role is hard to quantify. "Gore is very very important," says a senior presidential adviser. "When he draws a line in the sand, he's a force to reckon with." Bill Clinton of *The New York Times* did rank Gore second in the administration's hierarchy, a rating below Hillary. And perhaps the last measure of Gore's class is that the Vice President has not yet been dispatched to some flyspeck Third World capital to stand with

Clinton leader. "This vicepresident can be as much that of the son of a waitress."

The Gore story line was so much clearer last summer when Clinton's selection of him was hailed as the most inspired pairing since Bush met Sanderson. The two brightest Southern blue boys, springing each other's moves worry for years, suddenly united on the same ticket. A perfect match-up: Gore was strong on foreign policy and the environment, Clinton's most vulnerable areas. Clinton liked a father, while Gore had too much of one—Albert Sr., a three times liberal Tennessee senator, who once, too, dreamed of national office. The two pairs provided a frame for the media push-pull, AND A NEW ROYALTY ADVENTURE was the most intriguing headline of

age. (Recalling that legend as "What House?" Clinton's right, "The good days of energy" had spiced up Gore's "energy.") But since the inauguration, Gore has slipped through the cracks of public consciousness. Clinton's spin the downsizing of his image like this:

"Gore has done something down there and around here has traded national visibility for internal utility." Whether one be mood one to Clinton at press conferences in a virtual equal, now the Vice President, if there is at all, is that over-minding figure behind the President's right shoulder. But the camera has nothing new to say about Gore, still recycling page about his now-outdated image as a Bluebird when gay robes with barely audible parts (A sample from Jay Leno: "I'd Gore out with next hand-dressed to dance health-care reform. While Gore was speaking, seven hundred of the doctors pronounced him legally dead.") Administration insiders concede that Gore is difficult to sell as the Sunday-morning utility shovels. After the bombing of Baghdad, one network's guest booker pleaded, "Please don't try to sell us Gore. He never says anything." Part of that is the deflating nature of any Vice President's role. It is hard to imagine the Monday-morning headline code that Clinton got "BUTTERING" ON NORMA.

Meanwhile, back at the White House with Gore, I shift the topic to something more cardboard-like: the Vice President's role in the administration. If Gore's imagination is hard to contain when discussing ideas, he more than compensates with a studied one-handed still-life-as-time blindness when talking about his own power. "My principal mission is to help Bill Clinton be the most successful president he can be," Gore reveals in a typical burst of man-to-man comfort. "It's not that I try to be a husband whenever otherwise I have, but the only time I speak up is when I feel that the President is not going to be well served by going in the direction that is recommended." Thrilled from the sequestration. "When I disagree, I want to be left to Bill know." The Vice President has taken strong positions—pressing for a federal ban on cloning (this last), and urging Clinton (successfully) to read the controversial writings of Lee Harvey Oswald's close vice-presidential campaign, and Gore's ability to navigate that fine line between defiance and adrocity will determine whether he leaves office as Dan Quayle or Harry Truman.

I won't expense all the small perfections of the job of vice president. (Quayle, to John Edwards, Garner?) Suffice it to say the Clinton non-grain Gore one solitary power-to-break one in the Senate. His big chance came only this summer as the Senate passed a showdown on the President's budget in an all-night session. Around 2:00 in the morning, after White House lobbyists had made in vain for days, Gore volunteered to make one final appeal to an unwilling southern moderate. When the moderate, Gulf-state Democratic senator Gore's office after only three minutes, administration lobbyists waiting in the hallway naturally assumed failure. They walked in to discover a smoldering Vice President fleeing from the corner, crouched in classic pugilist pose. Howling on his index finger: "Believe me, of course, I was not a no." And he had won the deal. Gore's last, as it became clear that the Vice President would out the unbelieve vote, Gore, in a rare display of his deep-seated humor, passed a new to imaginary leader George Mitchell that read, "George, I'm warning."

SELL. AFTER THE BOMBING OF BAGHDAD, TRY TO SEND US GORE. HE NEVER SAYS ANYTHING."

But despite his years in the Upper Chamber, the Senate was never Gore's natural turf. An insider therefore considers him more a good of boy. Gore did not even make himself to the Clubby running for president as apt as the previous one of Barry. That helps explain a mystery: why Gore and Lloyd Bentsen failed to anticipate Bob Dole's lethal filibuster of Clinton's ill-conceived home package. The explanation for Gore's lack of foresight is simple. He had been the master of the finance committee so long that he truly needed to count votes. Gore, who impressed Clinton during an early administration retreat at Camp David with his thousand-gauge sense of how the Senate had changed since his father's day never weighed in with a warning that George Mitchell lacked the votes to pass the plan. Of course, one should not single out the Vice President for a single slip. A surprising negligence from the beginning.

Early in the administration, Gore asked President Clinton if he could take on the campaign-promoted chore of reuniting government. "He wanted to prove himself outside of environmental and infrastructure policy," says former congressman Tom Downey, perhaps Gore's closest friend. Gore's task force (led by Clinton's son, John) was not a success. Gore's own interest in the President's labor day has a distinct argument: worldwide federal agencies, especially federal workers and last-but-not-least, as least—some billions of dollars. Not only is the White House secretly banking on savings from the Gore task force to fund new social programs but surveys by Clinton pollster Stan Greenberg reveal that governments' reform is an issue with particular appeal to conservative voters. Gore's management of this task force is quite illuminating about the Vice President's political apt and limitations.

For eight hours at a conference conference in Philadelphia, opening on no day after the last night budget vote, Gore deployed a mastery of everything from the management techniques of the Reagan era (best known in New Zealand's efforts to reform its government structure. The details are no coin a phrase—worse. But there was genuine anger in Gore's voice as he told the conference, "A federal worker told me that twenty-three separate people had to sign

off on one request for a PC." Gore launched the point about a massive waste when he summarized, "So, it's a whole dysfunctional system." Whether or not far-reaching reform is possible, the Vice President deserves credit for going after bureaucratic tangle rather than merely mounting another head-banging exercise against "waste, fraud, and abuse." (Washington never said the word order—it's part of the official end of the reform conclusion.)

But in the case of the Philadelphia meeting, a light bulb came on. In a perverse way, being so alone at this very sort of strategy is Gore's main problem. He is thinking from on television consciousness not because he's a time-server, a do-nothing, or an artificial center-for focus. He's shrinking because he lacks the natural ease and comfort of his boss and is even, in many ways, Clinton's political opposite: a small man, a small picture.

The closest analogy to Gore's reuniting government mission is Hillary Clinton's responsibility for health care. It is striking that in the two most important personal dimensions of his life, Bill Clinton sought many of the same qualities. Both Gore and Hillary are intensely serious, cerebral, detail-placed, and intensely interested in public safety. Both are intensely intense in private. Upper Gore wife of the recent morning when he had made his head out of the shower, but drawing her covered with mud, holding up a bottle of Nivea, a first-time disciplinary spanking. Al asked "Upper," "I can't see, what is this bottle?" He roared with laughter when Upper shrieked, "Oh, my God, you've got hair remover instead of shampoo!"

A MORE apt and skilled in his office is more oddly short on personal touches, aside from an eccentric wall-to-wall photograph of the earth—it's graced for a way to get the Vice President to own up to his own ambivalence. Proceed demands that vice-presidents be intense about their choices. But Gore had no firm position himself and memories of the failure to meet Michael Dukakis certainly made (Gore's Gore confidants still can't get over that missed opportunity) How hard it must be for Gore to accept that Bill Clinton was the only fully-located

Democrat who could have been elected president in the post-Reagan era. But as Clinton and Gore worked campaigns nose to nose together, it was as if they came from different species—Clinton appeared larger than life, his head double the size of his running mate's, while Gore seemed diminished by the act of campaigning.

Gore layovers in the administration would in drop phrases such as "I'll be in contact with you" and "I'll be in contact with you," but that's as far as they will undergo themselves. As for Gore, he claims that "I have never felt what so many vice-presidents have reported to life. 'That should be me there.' Or 'I could do a lot better.' The Vice President laughed nervously at the sheer efficiency of such psychological shenanigans. The conversation shifted to his decision to drop a run for the White House last year, partly because his younger son, Albert III, nearly died in a car accident. "I never had any regrets about this," Gore said, refusing to admit that in politics timing is all. "And I'm not spending any time or energy thinking about tomorrow and the ambition to be president. Some people might think that's egotistical, but that's the bottom line." "I'm not sure."

Even now there is a sense that the Vice President, unlike Clinton, remains a work in progress. A close friend of Gore's recently observed, "The vice-president should have been liberating for him, he was finally freed from the burden of familial expectations." The vice must strike me as odd. Should have been, as if it hadn't actually happened by any means. Al Gore—former senator, bestselling author, Vice President at forty-four—has outstepped his father. His natural reality was Clinton at over, that power imbalance sealed for eternity. But Gore still comes across as a collection of attractive seminars more than a fully formed public person. There is on his side. The relief that Gore can run for presidency again will be the past year, when he will be ready to take the mantle, not of the arrogant sidekick of the Clinton years will be the gradual retirement of Al Gore. ■

Walter Shapiro. Reporters Who share correspondents are only slightly on the page.



Heaven, Hell,

*The further purifications
of the goat-singer of Hollywood*

By Nick Tosches

HARVEY KEITEL LOVES THE OCEAN: the sight, the sound, the smell of it. He fell in love with it as a boy, growing up in a second-floor apartment in the Brighton Beach section of Brooklyn, where the asphalt ends at sand and sea, melancholy breakers and beer bottles, cigarette butts and knee-low slacks, which, in those black days, went by the name of Coney Island velvetails. The ocean reduced the tensions to insignificance, and if a boy turned his back to them, it could seem as if there were magic still in the world, as if some Aphrodite of the five boroughs might emerge from the phosphore beach and step lightly amid the bottles and the butts and the scumlines. On her summer nights in the years after World War II, Harvey, his mother and father, his brother, and sister would go down to the beach with blankets and sleep out by the sea.

"I mean I used to stand by the sea in Brighton Beach, and now here we are." He lets the waves of the Pacific wash over his thoughts, then bring it rushing forward again.

"Steering by a different course, under a different set of circumstances." His eye is caught by the sudden black-glittering surge of a dolphin colliding in the waves, a sight that Brighton Beach never offered, and the thought is home away. The sun cuts into his view, he shuts sunglasses, then apologetically greets them. In his shades, long, unclipped hair, orange-tinted skin, and nondescript shorts, he looks as if he's on Brighton Beach instead of here, in Malibu.

At home here in Malibu, Harvey still carries himself like a guy in Brooklyn, too. While he's kissing near Venice Beach, a young girl asks him confidently who he is. He poses as the folding chair that bears his name. "That's you?" she asks, surprised. "No, I'm here," he says. "That's my chair." Checking out a house farther down the beach, the real estate lady shows him "the powder room." Harvey comes out grinning and asks, "If we call it a bathroom, can I get a break on the price?" That grin, like his laugh—open and full of joy—is

far from the more calculated bearing Hollywood usually offers, and when he gets to talking straight and hard, he exhibits an earnest thoughtfulness and pulsating intelligence that are also rare in these parts. Yet, right now, after twenty-five years and more in this racket, Harvey Keitel may fairly be counted among the best actors in movies.

He is, like most of his characters, an intense man. But the offscreen intensity is of a different sort, than what we know of him from *Moon Men* to *Red Heat*. He is secretly excited by thoughts, and aware on occasion of his own to the best of his powers, and with honesty. Grandiloquent at times, intensely poetic or groping for words at others, he seems to struggle in the foggy mists of expression to achieve a cogent, lucid flow—a flow shot through with impulsive bursts of that brooklyn grin and soaring laugh.

What brought Harvey from the beach in Brooklyn to the beach in Malibu was, of course, acting. But that is a word he does not really like. In the old days, he will tell you—not the Brighton Beach days, but the old old days, the much earlier era, back when Greek theater was evolving from Dionysian ritual and lyric poetry—the stuff came to be known as *enklisis*, or goat-song. The goat was both a sacrificial beast central to the dramatic rituals, and the prize awarded to the best of the goat-singing men, the *enklisis*. Harvey, you might say, is out for goat.

"We're talking about those actors, directors, writers that you would regard as being significant—we are the theater today. We should endeavor to bring cinema to the place that Greek theater established in the beginning. We are not actors. We must not think of ourselves as actors. We must think of ourselves as goat-singers. Which is what actors were called in the beginning: goat-singers. So I like to think of myself as a goat singer and my friends that way."

Harvey's exuberance have led him to the study of Aeschylus, the godfather of the goat-singers, the man who

Malibu epics: "We have to endeavor to live not being what you wanted."

Harvey Keitel





wrough the first guns together. While the world crowded the gates of Jansen Park, Harvey seems to wander alone, deeper and deeper into the ancient cave of what Aristotle called *thumos*, the glowing vision of dark fire and dark desires created by gods, chance, and action. It's as if Harvey had succeeded by being less concerned with box office than with Aristotle's doctrine, that, through terror, tragedy brings purification from passion.

HIS FATHER, a hazzaker, was an immigrant from Poland, his mother from Romania. Together they ran a lunchconette on Avenue X in Brooklyn. By the time Harvey was born, on May 15, 1950, their Eastern European households were being torn apart. In some respects Harvey was an average Brooklyn punk with grained post-punk and leather jacket, a poolroom lizard and a pugonist, but not a bad kid. As his boyfriend friend Mark Ruffalo put it, "Harvey was sensitive and tough, but he was never mean."

At the same time, he was a heart of repression, fear, and mystery. "Because of the movies" he even feared death by guillotine or volcanic loss. "As a young boy in Brooklyn," he says, laughing, "what chance was there of me stepping into guillotine or being burned by molten lava?" But deeper than the natural guillotine and Tichonovitch lava was a pervasive and debilitating fear of being alone in the world, of going unseen. Harvey looked over on the street, but whenever a need or a desire to express himself arose, his apprehensions belied that cool.

"I was a maverick," he says. "As a young man, it was very difficult for me to talk. And that lasted for years."

He maintained good grades at P.S. 100, but at Abraham Lincoln High School, he grew estranged. "I wasn't doing well a little, and I thought maybe if I changed my physical circumstances, I would do better. I wanted to do better. So I went to a vocational school, Alexander Hamilton, in Bed Stuy. I was absent very often, although I wasn't treated a very good average. But they said there was some love about training and they put me out. So I joined the Marines."

As far as the three of them—Harvey, Pittsburgh Clark and Howie the Moose—were going to enlist in the Navy. "We were all set to go. And then Jerry Broderick, a guy a year or two older than us—he was maybe eight-

teen, we were summer-come to the poolroom in a Marine Corps uniform, and we said, 'Joe, we're gonna join the Navy.' What do you think about that?" He said, "Nothing, if what you wanna be is one of the Marine Corps little messes. And so," he says and grins, "me, Moose, and Pittsburgh did the stupid thing. We joined the Marines."

Two years later, when Eisenhower sent troops to Lebanon, Harvey was among the marines who landed in Beirut. His first overseas, he says, was uneventful—an honest war—but on his way back to America, something happened.

"I was abroad and somehow I picked up a book of Greek mythology and began reading. 'What books, more than the open seas and war-torn Beirut, was his first true glimpse of life beyond Brooklyn. It was a beginning, he says. "But I was slow to come to it. It took me many years before I became something of a reader. I wouldn't classify myself as being well-read, but I am read."

"I can think of no more important evidence than reading. To be a little *demure*, it's saved my life in many ways. I've been pursuing it now for a long time. Honestly, I'd say, for the past ten years, I began very late. When I say I began in the Marine Corps, I mean I opened a book then. I had a desire to understand this chaos that I was experiencing in my body. And books were a guide. It had only one wish for my children, it would be that they become readers."

Harvey left the Marines with a high school equivalency diploma and worked while at a shoe salesman in Manhattan. While waiting there, he took classes to become a news photographer and eventually went to work at Manhattan Criminal Court.

"At first, I was on the streets of Brooklyn with my friends. We were trying to learn what life was about, we were trying to survive life. Then there was the poolroom, the Marines. I saw myself trying to develop the power to live. I didn't think so much that I had to be something as much as I needed to be something. I'm reminded of one occasion who painted pictures on cave walls, out of a need to express themselves. To express the fear of the hole, perhaps. And I was afraid. I felt alone in the world and was ferociously denying it."

"I was lucky. I found my cave wall. I knew a lot of career guys who are dead now—the poolroom guys, marines. I've known Wonderful guys, but they never took the opportunity to get out of the neighborhood. Because, if you want to get out, pal, there is a way out, but you're going to have to struggle and sweat and bleed to find that path."

Harvey's path appeared when a fellow street worker suggested one day that they take some drama classes. "I was petrified. I didn't get up on the stage for months. I said to stand outside the Actors Studio or San Francisco. I mean I had to do a scene, and I used to tell myself, 'Now, all I'm trying to do is a guy who I feel here, on the street, in through the door, walk up the stairs, and go on the stage and do it, as real as I am here.' That was my preparation. Go out on the street and try to bring this human being in from the street onto the stage. Well," he says, laughing, "it wasn't easy



I realized that this was going to take time and patience, which I didn't have much of. It took me only about fifteen, twenty years to develop some patience. And it was a struggle. It was the same with my reading. I had the desire to learn, but I didn't have the patience. And I remember reading, 'The second of patience is justice.' I wanted to tear that page up, because I didn't have the patience to even contemplate those words. I was in a hurry to run away from the suffering that was required to sit still."

BY EIGHT HOURS WAS LIVING ON Bedford Street in Greenwich Village, working in court by day and studying by night. "I was lucky to meet a teacher like Frank Conroy, who is now the artistic director of the Actors Studio, because he was such a mentor of mine," he says. "He reminded what I had to offer. He was patient and he was encouraging. Through him, I went on to meet Lee Strasberg and Stella Adler. The work of John Cazeneuve was an influence as was Richard Bolevalsky's book *Acting: The First Six Lessons*."

In February 1970 Harvey made his debut in *Shogun* and *Up to the Mountains and the Cherry Lane Theatre*. That same year, he conceived a casting call for a film-school project. It was then that he met twenty-two-year-old Martin Scorsese. "Marty and I discovered within me, not because friends that we shared a very similar life. To a large extent, we were one in the same being in many ways. And it wasn't a great step to take from the synagogue to the church."

Harvey became J. R., the violent American protagonist of *Who's Killing at My Door?* the sociobiographical black-and-white film that became Scorsese's first feature. When the movie was finished and Scorsese released, Marty

"He went to compare dishes." Bad. Lazzarone director Al Pacino says. His wife by a mile.



V2

BY VERSACE

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How to Live Forever

PART I

ETERNAL LIFE IS IN THE DETAILS

By Michael Segall

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE cellular immortality? It fish good, diseases clear, and there's a long-term payoff: immortality. All you gotta do is make yourself on a cellular level so the idea that you won't be here to die yesterday but to live forever. Then you hook up your aging chromosomes (a matter of just thinking the right thoughts) to those of the fellow (dinosaur) other immortals whose vital genes have kept the idea (and the book and the tapes, from the Flame Foundation in Arizona) and world. You're forever blessed with an immortality that keeps you from putting yourself in life-threatening situations and an internal auto-

matic delete function that banishes the notion of natural death from your memory bank.

But maybe there's an easier path to immortality—or one that at least preserves your molecular independence from the fifteen thousand Flame immortals who band a various bio-cellular rhytmic apes around the globe each year. The plan: Keep yourself alive until medical science can pick apart the thousand processes involved in aging, cure cancer, turn cardiovascular disease into a craft artifice of twentieth-century living, and manipulate the genes that control immortality. A tall order, yes, but theoretically possible.

The key lies in charting the human genome, which scientists suspect harbors perhaps hundreds of "germogenes," which influence aging. Once these clusters of genes are identified and their language parsed, it may be possible to shut up the ones that are responsible for diseases like Alzheimer's. It may also be possible, by tracking other cells in the body, all of which have the same genes, to regenerate important tissues like nerve cells and heart-muscle cells that have been irreversibly damaged. Within a few years, it also seems likely that a flood of emerging supplements will smooch the markers, including synthetic hormones that retard or reverse the decline of the immune system, bolstering our defenses against cancer, infection, and the alterations in blood-vessel walls that lead to arteriosclerosis.

What to do now? Consider enrolling in our Life Extension Program, which begins on the following pages. Those of you whose immediate future is in question should try to hang on until we can print Part II in the November issue. Meanwhile, keep in mind that happiness is an essential underpinning of a long and prosperous life, so if you have a special way, then or otherwise, of turning yourself into Mr. Happy, don't stop. How good is an ancient arrangement without a great cigar?

How Much Time Do You Have Left?

Life expectancy today is about 72 years for men, that means that half of all baby boys will live longer than that. (The oldest human alive is 116.) The Social Security Administration predicts that by the year 2040, 60 percent of the men will live longer than 70, 40 percent of the women to 80.

If you're (years old)	You have (years left)
44	34.0
45	33.4
46	32.8
47	32.2
48	31.6
49	31.0
50	30.4
51	29.8
52	29.2
53	28.6
54	28.0
55	27.4
56	26.8
57	26.2
58	25.6
59	25.0
60	24.4



Strategies for Immortality I: Understand That a Man Is Just a Guy

His Steps to a Longer Life

1. Stay modest. Tying the knot may shorten your wife's life, but it'll extend yours. It's in your interest to keep her alive, since her soothing presence significantly boosts your chances of hanging on longer. Keep in mind that, because of her multiple husbands, her most famous descendant is her blood pressure drops when she goes to her office, then both kick back up again when the boss hoves (the opposite of your pattern). That means the first you kind of troubling to be around. So order about twice a week, and take your own share to the laundry. Don't act scary.

2. And remember, though the eternality may be decades away. If your mate does promise you to that dark night, make sure you stay in the daylight. Marry again. Marry someone younger than you. Depressed grandfathersly monkeys show a rise in all sorts of physiological measurements when they're surrounded by young females. Other things look up, too.

3. Get out on your job. More earthly hormones demand satisfaction, urge you to wit, wit, wit. Don't disappoint them. Since men invest so much ego in their careers, setbacks can constitute a downward spiral in less resilient types that starts in depression, progresses to impaired immunity or rapidly advancing heart disease, and ends in old-age. Of course, some men tolerate a little downward mobility just fine; you just don't settle for no mobility at all. Men treading water in their careers tend to check out earlier of all.

4. Have a daughter. Have two. After you bury your long-suffering, nursing wife, they'll look in on you.

5. Be in control of your own schedule—even if your job is a real ball buster (which is not necessarily harmful to your health). In other words, make sure you can slip out to see the Prisoner's school play, the kid's rock-throwing contest, and call your wife whenever you want.

6. Don't oversee your first-class horizon. For other opportunities when the evening's on the wall, and quit time. The loss of status will kill you. (And finger about retiring.)

7. Make lots of money. Save some of it. The strongest predictor of whether you'll live to a ripe old age is socioeconomic status.

Cap a Good Attitude

THE GRANT STUDY of Adult Development has been tracking a group of Harvard graduates for fifty years and has identified some powerful connections between successful aging and attitudes and behaviors earlier in life.

► Men who can cope well with life's inevitable trauma (by seeing but not succumbing to the bright red) are likelier to have rewarding careers, successful marriages, and happiness. Men who respond to difficulty by dissociation (keeping their feelings) or internalization (forming stress over emotions) suffer more rapid declines in their health after age fifty.

► Persons are at greatest risk for poor physical health in middle age and late adulthood than optimism.

► Good mental health in middle age (low measurement, the lack of a need to take tranquilizers before age fifty) predicts successful aging.

► Playing sports in college is linked to mental, though not necessarily physical, happiness late in life.

► A warm childhood environment predicts good late-life physical health, but not necessarily happiness.

► A revealing job often means a man will be lucky in love.

Nice Guys Finish Last

ARE YOU HOSTILE? Whereas it used to be a question, No, I'm not, saying you're nice. It's not a sign of a good guy. Remember the Type A personality? Psychologists said if you were ungrateful,

always in a hurry, over-ambitious, if you spoke rapidly and drove for achievement, you were a Type A—and on the fast track to an early death, most likely from a heart attack. But Paul Costa, chair of the Laboratory of Personality and Cognition at the National Institute on Aging, says that's all wrong. After decades studying a large group on men and women at the Baltimore area, he and his crew have instead on the one difference—actually a constellation of different personality traits—that predicts premature death: antagonistic hostility.

Mr. Antagonistic comes in a variety of forms. At the extreme end of the spectrum is the guy who's easily provoked—the subject on the freeway, say, leaving on his horns and flipping the bird because of some perceived discourtesy. This guy tends to be bored easily, needs a lot of strong stimulation, often drinks and smokes a lot. He's not necessarily impulsive or emotionally undisciplined, because his vulnerability instead requires careful planning. In other settings—his soccer ball office, say—he has a reputation as someone who doesn't want to hear up against. He doesn't care about other people's feelings, and tends to say things that pass people off. About 30 percent of Americans can fit the profile. Half of those will become premature-death sta-



tates. Moving back toward the median (less than impetuous hostility), another 30 percent have declining degrees of risk.

Scientists don't know why Glare Antibody blow an arterial capillary before everyone else. The constant flood of stress hormones may weaken heart muscle tissue or somehow cause a buildup of plaques in the arteries. But antagonistic methods that light a lot to maintain dominance develop faster strokes in their arteries and die younger than low-dominant monkeys (led the same high-end test). The take-home: "If you're going to be antagonistic and hostile," says Costa, "watch what you eat."

How Am I? Don't Ask

WHAT'S THAT NASTY MAN SAYING? Your mate believes what he's got around himself. A little neuroticism can serve a man

well. Unlike women, whose reproductive duties keep them cycling regularly within the health-care system, men under fifty tend to see a doctor only when they're really ailing or dying. But there's one downer that men who complain a lot may live a little longer than most: John Wayne types.

"People prone to depression and anxiety are more worried about their health," says Robert McCann, a research psychologist at the Brigham Young University Longitudinal Study of Aging. By over-monitoring, every physiological reaction and seeing a doctor when their hypochondria gets out of hand, they're more likely to have asymptomatic conditions, like high blood pressure or a hidden tumor, detected.

Time Is Not Always to the Swift

MAN WAS A LITTLE CALMER, probably more self-disciplined usually have high goals and strive for achievement (flow). They also have the best health habits, which unsurprisingly correlate with longevity (flow). The Grant study put it this way: "Self-disciplined men who between twenty and forty had appeared conspicuously old were often enjoying life at forty-five more than some of the men who at the same old-fashioned youthful adjustment."

Testosterone Timeline

From the moment the first cascade of androgens—male hormones—entices the fetus, the male gender takes a leading. There are more male than female spontaneous abortions and stillbirths, and more male neonatal, infant, and childhood deaths. But until he's 305, in fact, does a man's age-related mortality rate fall to that of a woman. For the lion's share of those years, testosterone, the principal hormone, works a solitary magic. It makes men aggressive, big and strong, eager to catch a fish, willing—yes, eager—to crush across the savanna on their bellies to give a weekly mouthwash and drag its carcass back to the clan for a feast. It probably is also to blame for violent deaths among lions, influences the formation of artery-clogging plaques, causes peculiar patterns of hair loss and growth, and stimulates the growth of certain cancerous tumors.

Source: A. Mitchell Menzies, National Institute on Aging

1. A flood of androgens in the seventh month of fetal life causes differentiation of external genitalia. Reproductive fully and in by fourth week.

2. Embryonic testes and androgen hormones produced with as much as 200 times as much as in an adult during diaper change.

3. Drops to adult rates by age 10; begins to rise again after age 10; peaks at age 15; then declines.

4. Age 10 to age 15: a surge in age 10; then declines.

5. Age 15 to age 20: a surge in age 15; then declines.

6. Age 20 to age 30: a surge in age 20; then declines.

7. Age 30 to age 40: a surge in age 30; then declines.

8. Age 40 to age 50: a surge in age 40; then declines.

9. Age 50 to age 60: a surge in age 50; then declines.

10. Age 60 to age 70: a surge in age 60; then declines.

11. Age 70 to age 80: a surge in age 70; then declines.

12. Age 80 to age 90: a surge in age 80; then declines.

13. Age 90 to age 100: a surge in age 90; then declines.

14. Age 100 to age 110: a surge in age 100; then declines.

15. Age 110 to age 120: a surge in age 110; then declines.

16. Age 120 to age 130: a surge in age 120; then declines.

17. Age 130 to age 140: a surge in age 130; then declines.

18. Age 140 to age 150: a surge in age 140; then declines.

19. Age 150 to age 160: a surge in age 150; then declines.

20. Age 160 to age 170: a surge in age 160; then declines.

21. Age 170 to age 180: a surge in age 170; then declines.

22. Age 180 to age 190: a surge in age 180; then declines.

23. Age 190 to age 200: a surge in age 190; then declines.

Strategies for Immortality II: Bust Your Hump

FIRST, GET A CHIROFRACITOR. No matter how old you are, if you exercise and play sports a lot, you'll eventually hurt yourself, and you'll want to get back on the beam as fast as possible so you don't end up looking like the bum described below. Second, accept the

fact that eventually you're going to lose half a step and won't be able to play squash with the college kids. It's okay. You'll always be smarter and wittier than they are.

The information in the chart below, which outlines the benefits of exercise and the habili-

ties of sloth, assumes that the active and sedentary men are alike in all respects except for the amount of exercise each one gets. Both of them are six feet tall and weigh 180 pounds. But the sedentary man never challenges his body beyond making it walk to and from his car, the refrigerator, the bed, the mailbox. The active man follows a minimum routine to maintain

fitness that's prescribed by the American College of Sports Medicine: some kind of aerobic exercise for twenty minutes or more three times a week, and some form of resistance training at least twice a week, exercising all the major muscle groups in sets of eight to twelve repetitions each.

Source: Dr. William Evans, Tufts University

Demographics	Early symptoms	Strength	Metabolism	Aerobic capacity	Blood sugar	Cholesterol	Blood pressure	Bone density	Cardiac output
Sedentary man at age thirty-five 	The sedentary thirty-five-year-old man is 14 percent body fat and 74 percent "lean body mass," a term that describes everything—bones, muscles, gray matter—that isn't fat.	The maximum weight a sedentary thirty-five-year-old can lift with his biceps is forty pounds.	The amount of energy it takes to sustain the body at rest to sustain the basal metabolic rate (BMR), which can be measured in calories, drops by 1 percent each decade. The sedentary thirty-five-year-old needs about 1,700 calories per day to maintain his weight.	The maximum amount of oxygen a man's body can utilize during heavy exercise—the VO ₂ max—declines with age beginning at about age twenty. The sedentary man has a VO ₂ max of 37 milliliters of oxygen per kilogram of body weight per minute (ml/kg/min).	Body fat is in tune with cells' ability to use sugar in the blood, increasing the likelihood of diabetes. A sedentary thirty-five-year-old has a 20 percent risk of developing the disease.	The rate of total blood cholesterol as LDL cholesterol—the "bad" cholesterol that magnifies the effects of the "bad" ones—should be 4.5 to 1.0 times. The sedentary man's ratio is between 5 and 7 to 1.	Although his blood pressure will increase with advancing age, the sedentary man may not yet have hypertension. At age thirty-five, his blood pressure is probably 120/80.	From before it deteriorates between the ages of thirty and forty in men, the sedentary man may not have lost any bone density yet—but he's not on par with his active peer.	The amount of blood the heart can pump depends on the size of the heart and how fast it pumps. Even men close with age, regardless of exercise or lifestyle, the peak rate is 145 beats per minute. But the sedentary man's heart may be 15 percent smaller than the active man's.
Active man at age thirty-five 	The amount of muscle a man has depends in part on how much he uses it. Moderate exercise and weight training in particular increase lean-body mass in the present. The active thirty-five-year-old is about 18 percent fat.	The active man can lift at least sixty-five pounds with his biceps.	The active thirty-five-year-old's BMR is about 15 percent faster than the sedentary man's; he needs more than 1,900 calories per day to maintain his weight.	The active man's heart can pump more blood, and his muscle cells consume more oxygen. His VO ₂ max is about 30 ml/kg/min.	Exercise improves muscle cells' insulin sensitivity, so they can better utilize blood sugar. And with lower body fat, the active man's risk of getting diabetes is between 1 and 5 percent.	Exercise improves cholesterol profiles by causing weight loss and by directly increasing blood levels of HDL cholesterol. The active thirty-five-year-old man can expect to have a cholesterol to HDL ratio between 3 and 4 to 1.	At this age, the active man's blood pressure isn't too different from his sedentary peer's, but studies show that he may have a 5.4 percent lower risk of developing hypertension. And a single workout can reduce blood pressure for more than an hour even in men who already have hypertension.	Exercise builds bone by repeatedly stressing the skeleton and possibly by forcing the body to rely on stored calcium. The active thirty-five-year-old's bone density may be 5 percent higher than his sedentary counterpart's.	The heart, like any muscle, is enlarged by exercise, and because it bigger the active man's heart can pump up to 15 percent more blood per minute than the sedentary man's. He calls get more oxygen, all across a chest more quickly and his muscles are slower to fatigue.
Sedentary man at age sixty-five 	With age, muscle mass shrinks and fat expands even if weight stays the same. Once an aging 66 pounds of lean body mass per decade after young adulthood, the rate accelerates after forty-five. The sedentary sixty-five-year-old is 31 percent body fat, 68 percent lean body mass.	Men lose about 30 percent of their muscle cells between the ages of twenty and seventy. The sedentary sixty-five-year-old is half as strong as he was at age thirty-five; he can lift just twenty pounds with his biceps.	The sedentary man's BMR has fallen 6 percent in three decades; he needs 200 fewer calories per day than he did at age thirty-five.	The sedentary man's aerobic capacity has declined by up to 40 percent since he was twenty years old. His VO ₂ max is now 25 ml/kg/min.	The sedentary man's risk of getting diabetes has tripled. At least 30 percent of sedentary sixty-five-year-olds are as likely to become diabetic.	Total blood cholesterol increases with advancing age in men, until it stabilizes at about age fifty. Without exercise, levels of HDL cholesterol remain constant, and the total cholesterol to HDL ratio may be as high as 9 to 1.	By age sixty-five, the sedentary man's blood pressure is similar to what it was three decades ago, but likely to break a top of his fifties.	The sedentary man's bone density is 10 percent weaker at age sixty-five than it was at age thirty-five. He's likely to break a hip if he falls.	The peak heart rate for both sedentary and active men at age sixty-five is about 125 beats per minute, but the sedentary man's heart has continued to shrink, while the active man's is probably the same size it was thirty years ago.
Active man at age sixty-five 	Exercise can partially but not totally offset aging's effect on muscle mass. The active man's body is 25 percent fat by age sixty-five; he is 75 percent lean body mass.	Although the man who's aged cannot may have lost as many muscle cells as his sedentary peer, exercise has made his remaining cells bigger, and he's as strong as he was at age thirty-five. He can still lift sixty pounds.	The active sixty-five-year-old's BMR has also slowed, but he needs 1,900 calories per day to maintain his weight—more than the sedentary man required at age thirty-five.	Loss of muscle cells has lowered the active man's aerobic capacity, but the cells that remain are hungry for oxygen, and his heart is strong. His VO ₂ max is 40 ml/kg/min.	The active sixty-five-year-old man probably has a 5 to 10 percent risk of developing diabetes. Much of that risk is due to genetic factors and is unavoidable.	Total cholesterol in the active sixty-five-year-old has also increased over the years. But exercising has kept his HDL levels up so he's not cholesterol to HDL ratio is between 4 and 5 to 1—well in the healthy range.	The active man's blood pressure hasn't changed. It's still 120/80.	By age sixty-five, the active man has slowed the decline in bone density. His loss between 35 and 40 percent of his bone mass since age thirty-five.	The active man's heart may be 30 percent larger than the sedentary man's. His cardiac output has decreased, but only because of the unavoidable slowing of the heart rate.

Strategies for Immortality III: Keep Your Heart Healthy

CARDIOVASCULAR DISEASE begins picking enough early life odds from the population to become the number-one killer of men in that age group. One in five sixty-year-olds has had a coronary event. High blood pressure, high blood cholesterol, cigarette smoking, and physical inactivity are the main modifiable risk factors, according to the American Heart Association. Heart disease, thought by many to be an inevitable result of getting older, is not. Cardio disease among men in their sixties and seventies can be nearly as high as that of men in their twenties and thirties.

New Ironist Theory of Heart Disease

CORONARY ARIE FORTIFIED with iron, a heart is fortified with iron. A heart is fortified with iron, the idiom is attributed to take iron supplements ("Iron poor blood?"). Now it seems all that iron, which is also found in meat products, may be killing us. In 1991 Jennifer Sullivan, a pathologist at the Veterans Affairs Medical Center in Charleston, South Carolina, found a theory: "Total depletion of iron, which is stored in the liver, offers significant protection against heart attacks. Conversely, he suggested, the risk of having a heart attack rises in direct proportion to the amount of iron stored in the body."

Sullivan based his theory which was considered "radically crackpot and unscientific" on an analysis

Got Chest Pains? Cancel Your HMO

Experiment: Comparisons of diagnoses by doctors in private practice, at hospitals, and in managed-care settings.

Protocol: Thirty-two professional cases—young and old, black and white, men and women—are videotaped complicating either of chest pain or heart disease, classic symptoms of an impending heart attack. One hundred thirty-two doctors, all specialists in internal medicine, view the tapes and make diagnoses.

Findings: In "patients" who complained of chest pain, HMO doctors diagnosed cardiac disease about half as often as did free-lance doctors. All the doctors diagnosed older patients who had health insurance with cardiac problems significantly more often than they did older patients without coverage.

Source: John McKinley, *New England Journal of Medicine*

of iron levels in men and women. As iron levels rise in both sexes, heart attacks increase too. Men start storing iron (and start getting heart attacks) in their twenties, when they no longer need the metal to grow. Women don't start storing it until after menopause, when their heart-attack rates slowly climb up to equal those of men. Premenopausal women, in whom heart attacks are currently rare, lose about 30 milligrams of elemental iron in menstrual blood each month.

Other components that bolster Sullivan's theory: Hemochromatosis, an inherited disease that causes the body to store massive amounts of iron, is known to result in deterioration of the heart and perhaps in heart attacks; iron is also instrumental in converting low-density lipoprotein, the "bad" cholesterol, into oxidized cholesterol, which helps form the deadly plaques that clog the walls of the arteries.

Another key component: In the Third World, where iron is food as harder to come by, heart attacks are rare in very old people. Blood levels of iron are also kept low in poor countries by intestinal parasites, which cause a regular loss of blood (and stored iron) through the gut. The protective connection seemed obvious: blood loss depletes

iron levels, which are in various ways related to the incidence of heart attacks. Last fall Sullivan's theory was given a credible boost by a major Finnish study that concluded that men with high blood levels of iron were more than twice as likely as those with lower levels to have a heart attack. In men with borderline-to-high cholesterol levels, the odds were even greater. Last spring, another study corroborated a significant finding: Men with the highest levels of ferric iron, which comes from meat and is absorbed more easily than iron from other food sources, had half again the risk of heart attack as those with the lowest levels.

Iron levels are kept up to a maximum by downsizing blood levels once a year or by taking a daily aspartic acid, which has long been prescribed for heart patients. Many physicians believe aspartic acid prevents a second heart attack by inhibiting the stickiness of platelets, which is also the blood Sullivan doesn't deny this effect, but claims it's enhanced by another factor. Aspartic acid causes the stomach to link a link blood, which is evacuated, along with the iron from its red cells, through the colon.

Iron is essential to biological processes in the body, so we do without it, which is why we evolved a system that guards it so meticulously that like the appendix and wisdom teeth, the body's iron storage capacity is a physiological anachronism. "Stored iron has its physiological function and has outlived its usefulness," says Sullivan. "There's no reason to store any iron your body will less of reason to have absolutely none."

It's like body weight. No doctor would advise you to go out and get fat because there may be a lifetime someday.

Down with Cholesterol (Not)

HARVEST OF MECHANISMS, including the depressing of cholesterol in the arteries that is decided of research, no one has been able to prove conclusively that lower cholesterol levels result in fewer heart attacks. (The cholesterol theory of heart disease is a huge hoax, say some researchers, but that's another story.) In fact, some more studies suggest, lowering your cholesterol (both good and bad) may actually be harmful to your health.

In a number of experiments, men who reduced their cholesterol by statin diet or drugs suffered increased rates of

iron levels, which are in various ways related to the incidence of heart attacks. Last fall Sullivan's theory was given a credible boost by a major Finnish study that concluded that men with high blood levels of iron were more than twice as likely as those with lower levels to have a heart attack. In men with borderline-to-high cholesterol levels, the odds were even greater. Last spring, another study corroborated a significant finding: Men with the highest levels of ferric iron, which comes from meat and is absorbed more easily than iron from other food sources, had half again the risk of heart attack as those with the lowest levels.

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ANTHROPOMETRICAL NEWS DEPARTMENT

Tales from the Outside

Y our body may be a temple, but chimed into its architectural details are clues to your chances of developing a particular disease. Anthropometry, the study of body proportions, has come a long way since Hippocrates suggested a link between short, thick men and epilepsy. For instance, using satyrus studies, researchers know that men shorter than five foot seven and one-half inches live 4.86 years longer than taller men; men shorter than five foot five and five-fifths inches live almost 7.5 years longer than men taller than six feet. Similarly, men who weigh less than 140 pounds can expect to live almost eight years longer than those over 200. Keep in mind that these are only statistical, not causal, correlations.

Characteristic: Diagonal crease across earlobe.

Correlation: Risk for heart attack is 40 percent greater (higher if both creases are creased).

Explanation: Creases may indicate constriction of the arteries of the ear, straining construction in the arteries of the heart.

Recommendation: One large study found that ear creases are a better predictor of a heart attack than blood pressure or cholesterol. Consider them a risk factor, along with blood pressure, cholesterol, family history, diet, and exercise.

Characteristic: Multibillion buldness

Correlation: Heart disease

Explanation: Men who lose all but a four-tuck-like fringe over a 30-year period in their thirties are three times more likely than others to die of heart disease. The gene that causes such rapid baldness may be close to

other genes that are responsible for coronary disease. Vertex baldness—hair erosion that begins at the crown and proceeds toward the front and sides—is also statistically linked to coronary disease.

Recommendation: The following should weigh baldness as a risk factor.

Characteristic: Upper-body obesity ("pot belly")

Correlation: Diabetes, hypertension, heart disease.

Explanation: Men who store fat on the abdomen have a higher incidence of these diseases than do men of the same weight who store fat on their thighs and buttocks. Abdominal fat may generate more fatty acids, which the liver converts to cholesterol, and which affect the production of insulin.

Recommendation: A man's waist should be no more than 95 percent of his hip measurement. Abdominal fat is easier to shed than lower-body fat. Lose it.



- **Rx:**
- Keep your weight and cholesterol down. (If you plan to lower your cholesterol, do so slowly and under the guidance of a physician.)
- Exercise high-fat meals for protein or healthy fats.
- Cholesterol regularly makes one suppress a day (just like ask your doctor).
- Don't smoke.
- Take antioxidant supplements (see Dr. H. Mendenhall).

of depression, homicides, suicides, and fatal accidents. In dietary trials, any protective benefits were canceled out by the weaker drinks. And in drug trials, patients were more likely to die if they took a cholesterol-lowering drug than if they didn't.

No one knows why low cholesterol fosters aggression and depression. They do know that the brain is richly endowed by cholesterol, and living with the balance may be deadly.

Heart Disease Disguised as Irritability

LOW testosterone levels are sometimes suggested when a man, regardless of his age, has trouble getting or maintaining an erection. But loss of erectile function is more likely a casualty of gluttonous living. The average American man gains ten pounds a decade; by the time he's sixty, there's a good chance he's got diabetes, high blood pressure, or coronary disease—and take a helpful hint: keto-hormone medicine



nance for the conditions, every day. "All the things associated with vascular disease are implicated in importance," says John McKinley, director of the Massachusetts Male Aging Study. "To get an erection you need a five-fold increase in arterial blood flow. If you have

McKenlay thinks the data from his ongoing study of 1,200 men will soon yield as important finding: Impotence in younger men may be a biomedical marker for cardiovascular disease. "A thirty-five-year-old man who can't get it up may be at high risk of suffering a coronary fifteen years later," he says.

INTERMEDIATE END POINTS DEPARTMENT

The Perfect Prophylactic (So Far)

Nutritional-medicine specialists try to identify "intermediate and preleuk" signs of latent disease (like abnormally formed cells)—and treat them before they reach an end point (cancer). They believe many diseases in progress can be arrested by administering high doses of antioxidant vitamins, avoiding more invasive therapies.

Intermediate stage: Numbness of arms for an hour, painless vision for a short period of time.

Bad points: Heart attack or stroke

Identifications. Many people at high risk of having a major stroke may first have minor strokes that they fail to notice or attribute to some passing ailment. Other warning signs include angina (chest pain), shortness of breath, slurred speech, and unexplained dizziness. If you have these

symptoms, get to a hospital.)
A variety of simple medical
techniques can confuse
results, or hidden, heart disease.

Intervention: In the Physicians' Health Study at Harvard, 22,071 doctors with preexisting heart disease (but no previous heart attacks) participated in a five-year study looking at the preventive effects of beta-carotene and aspirin on heart disease. Of the twenty-seven who had subsequent heart attacks, seven were taking aspirin, but none were taking beta-carotene. Not one heart

studies occurred in men who took birth

"The apparent protection is compatible with an acute effect of angiotensin and the more chronic effect of beta-carotene," says Charles Hershfeld, a physician and epidemiologist at Harvard and director of the study. "Angiotensin is postulated to inhibit for the life of the plasmin—a enzyme which— their tendency to stick together. Beta-carotene is postulated to ward the rate of fatty acid fibrous plaques in the coronary arteries. And that takes years to show up."

Travel Time

MOST HEART ATTACKS occur in the early morning, and they may be directly related to what the victim ate the night before. Within six or seven hours after you eat a high-fat meal, your blood fills with a surplus of clotting chemicals (called factor V) that coagulate the blood, raising the chances of a clot clogging off an artery. The hour just before awakening is also marked by a lot of brain activity that causes the release of chemicals to cause the

stress hormones. The double anxiety may explain why people with hidden heart disease arise feeling poorly—then find themselves on the floor with crushing chest pain. ■



FORGET VODKA WITH A TWIST. TRY SOME TWISTED VODKA.

BEYOND VODKA. KEEP EVOLVING.

THE SMALL BATCH BOURBON STORY. WHISKEY AS IT USED TO BE. WHISKEY AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE.

The story of small batch bourbon goes back through several generations. In a time when each family had its own recipe that was personally distilled in small batches. Today, small batch bourbon stands above other bourbons because they've still made the same way — in small batches using time-honored recipes that ensure distinct flavor and character. The Kentucky Bourbon Circle and our small batch bourbon — this is what we're all about. Every drop and every ounce. It helps you get the most from a first-class drink, we provide this guide. But please keep in mind that small batch bourbon this exceptional, select makers must to your personal taste.



Booker Noe, grandson of Jim Beam, makes the absolute best bourbon you'll ever find. It is called simply Booker's Bourbon, and until recently, was reserved for his private stock.

Booker ages his bourbon six to eight years. Only when the bourbon meets his personal taste test is it bottled by hand, straight from the barrel, uncut and unfiltered, at its natural proof of 120 to 127. You'll find the bourbon's precise age and proof hand-stamped on the bottle.

We suggest you enjoy Booker's straight or as Booker does, "over ice or with a splash of peach water."



Knob Creek is a rare bourbon named after a tiny stream flowing deep in the Kentucky hills. It offers a full flavor followed by nine years of aging in specially charred barrels.

During those nine years, the bourbon "marries" with the caramelized oak staves beneath the barrel's charred inner surface, blending it with a rich, amber color.

A perfect balance to the robust flavor of the grain.

Enjoy the cook from a bottle of Knob Creek leads you to deep, rich flavor followed by a deliciously warm afterglow—a sign of exquisite bourbon.

When Basil Hayden began distilling bourbon in 1776, he probably did not know that he was founding a two-century legacy. But his recipe calling for more small grain (rye and barley) delivers a sweet, light flavor that many of today's bourbon drinkers favor as the mark of a fine whiskey.

Eight years of aging mellows this fine bourbon before it is hand-bottled at a kindly 80 proof. If you are new to small batch bourbon or simply enjoy a light bodied whiskey, Basil Hayden's delivers just what you're looking for.



Baker Beam believes that bourbon secrets are better sealed into bottles than spilled onto print. So we could only pry out of him one family secret that goes into Baker's famous bourbon. And that's the strain of young yeast developed long ago and carefully maintained all these years.

Baker's particular strain of yeast helps produce a full, balanced flavor that redounds and matures through seven years of aging. To discover more of Baker's bourbon secrets, let just a touch sit on your tongue, savor it with water or enjoy it however you take your bourbon.



The promise is all yours when you taste this Baker's Bourbon.



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The precision engineering made in the Harley-Davidson Heritage Softail Classic. Street model. See actual size at 31" x 24" x 44" in display. Size 7 H.

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This is the Kentucky Bourbon Circle and our small batch bourbon recipe, reserved for those who appreciate the history of this great American spirit. Just what you need to enjoy the Kentucky Bourbon Circle, KY 40301-0001. For more information, call 1-800-451-1000 or visit our website at www.kentuckybourboncircle.com. ©1993 Kentucky Bourbon Circle, Inc. All rights reserved.

Colony A249

Left to right: Wild sport jacket, vest and trousers and sport-capsule shirt; Children Klein (jacket); sport-capsule vest and trousers and cotton shirt; sweat trousers; vest and trousers; three-piece suit and cotton shirt; JCRC Children Klein (shirt); three-quarter length and vest, handkerchief, money and vest trousers; double-breasted leather jacket, vest and cotton shirt and trousers; shoes by Carolina Shoe Company.

CLOTHING SHOULD not be so precious all the time," Joseph Abboud says, describing J.O.E., his one-year-old line of rugged sportswear. "These clothes are for downtime." Sweaters, T-shirts, and jeans are all J.O.E. basics, but there are also thematic designs each season. And, of course, there is plenty of Abboud's specialty—outerwear. While J.O.E. and Abboud's collection may appear to be somewhat disparate, they do work well together, the designer himself mixes the two. Indeed, some of Abboud's designs trickle down from the collection, and sometimes they even trickle up.

Left to right: flannel coat, wool sweater, and denim shirt; rubber coat, quilt and cream; suede, cotton, and denim; and cotton and jeans. Joseph Abboud: cream coat, wool sweater, and denim flannel shirt and jumpsuits.



VERSUS

Queen Versace

IF GIANNI VERSACE'S couture is for rock 'n' rollers (real or would-be), then Versus is for their fans. Begun in 1989, Versus is "fashion that addresses a younger age range [eighteen- to thirty-five-year-olds] and lifestyle, while still having my point of view," says Gianni Versace. Though the line started out very jeans-oriented, in the last few years Versace, along with his sister and muse, Donatella, has included dressier clothes as well as a fragrance. And as he has done lately with his couture, Versace has stripped out many of his signature vibrant colors—though the clothes are plenty colorful in their own right.

Left to right: Tiled and cotton dress and leather belt; single-breasted wool sport jacket, cotton T-shirt; denim jeans and leather belt and boots; cord jacket and belt, wool dress, wool belt, and leather boots; double-breasted wool suit; cord pullover and leather belt; cord belt and denim jeans and leather boots; cord and cashmere sport jacket, cotton T-shirt, and trousers; and leather belt; cord belt and cord jacket and belt; and leather belt; Gianni and Donatella Versace

Donna Kavan

These group line drawings are from *Journal of Dental Research*, written by a group of gifted young dentists. Each drawing is labeled with a letter and a brief description of the tooth or teeth shown. The drawings are arranged in a grid, with the letters A through Z. The descriptions are as follows:

- A: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- B: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- C: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- D: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- E: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- F: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- G: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- H: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- I: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- J: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- K: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- L: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- M: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- N: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- O: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- P: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- Q: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- R: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- S: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- T: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- U: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- V: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- W: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- X: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- Y: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.
- Z: A tooth with a large, rounded crown and a small, pointed root.

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The Boot Goes On

The big shoe is big again for fall

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH we will walk out of the twentieth century the same way we came in wearing boots. Clearly, this is a trend with legs. In addition to wearing them at the turn of the century, men wore boots with suits in the Twenties (as well as their more refined distant cousins, spats), briefly in the Fifties, and again during the Sixties, when guys really jumped into the phenomenon with both feet. (On top of that, men in the South and Southwest have been wearing cowboy boots with suits since, well, forever.) Now this fall, boots are once more stepping out of the paddles and weekend wardrobes and into the office. Part of it has to do with that fave-of-the-moment notion of recycling the trends of the past. And then there is the head-to-toe attitude that sportswear is making on tailored clothing. Or maybe we're wearing boots again because we're anticipating a rougher road ahead.

PARAGON BY MARADON'S LEATHER PACK BOOTS MAY LOOK LIKE OLD-FASHIONED SPORTSMEN, BUT THEY ARE MUCH LIGHTER. Shopping guide by Phil Neuzendorfer, dress and jewelry by Melissa, hats by Betty Cloud for Giorgio Armani

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES



Now these boots are available in cowleathers and traditional goat-skin styles such as Gucci's kitten-heeled boots with small buckles and Versace's sleek and Kenneth Cole's downy-faced leather boots with rubber soles (perfectly and perfectly appropriate and handsome in the street). Both boots available from October 1 to 31 at Gucci.



In a previous issue, we saw the results of a study that found that children who are exposed to television at an early age are more likely to be overweight and have lower academic achievement. This study, however, found that children who are exposed to television at an early age are more likely to be overweight and have lower academic achievement. This study, however, found that children who are exposed to television at an early age are more likely to be overweight and have lower academic achievement.

THEY ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO US. THEY ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO US. THEY ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO US. THEY ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TO US.



What a Pair

Play it close to the vest this fall. Any kind will do. Because the vest has become the new necktie—the item that finishes an outfit, unites all of the elements, and lets you express your personality. Button up a corduroy vest and suddenly you're a natty professor. Go tweed and you're a country gent. Or slip into a second skin; leather or suede, perhaps. Then top it off with a wool sport jacket—no longer so itchy or scratchy—in a traditional plaid or a bold pattern. And when you've finished with that, shuffle them up and try your hand at different combinations.



Left: Three-button wool-and-cotton herringbone sport jacket and cotton shirt by Studio 000; by Peter; five-button wool vest by Banana Republic; wool trousers by the Gap.

Right: Three-button plaid wool-and-cashmere sport jacket by Gucci; five-button leather vest by D&G; cashmere turtleneck by Guccio Pignatelli; wool flared trousers by Nina Republic; her clothes by Ralph Lauren Collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCA BABINI





One of the best reasons for wearing a vest is also one of the most obvious—warmth. By layering a vest underneath a wool sport jacket, you can last well into the fall and possibly even early winter. Once function has been taken care of, there's form to consider. A solid vest neutralizes a plaid sport jacket in much the same way that a blue blazer tones down a wild shirt-and-tie combination. On the other hand, a matching patterned vest and sport jacket complement each other in a quiet way. Sort of like a two-piece suit—only they're not the two pieces you're used to.

Left: Two-button plaid cashmere sport jacket by Valentino Garavani, two-button corduroy vest by Hugo Boss, wool trousers by Valentino Garavani and polo shirt by Banana Republic; watch by Hamilton. Her clothes by Richard Tyler necktie by Guccio Gucci/Versace.

Right: One-button wool sport jacket and matching four-button vest by RM by Kima, ribbed wool necktie by Banana Republic, wool-flannel trousers by New Republic; wool-flannel shirt by J. Penner. Her clothes by Chanel.



The vest-dressed man has no need for a necktie—though he would look

fine with one—especially since three quarters of it would be obscured anyway. Instead, try an open dress shirt, a polo shirt, or a turtleneck

(remember Steve McQueen in *Bullitt*?). What you may lack in feeling buttoned-down, you'll more than make up for in being buttoned-up. And though fall colors are traditionally richer and more somber than spring's, as with everything in life, it never hurts to lighten up. So consider wearing a cream-colored or camel sport jacket and mixing it with a shot of dark.

Left: Five-button plaid wool sport jacket by Gaudi, turtleneck and vest by New Republic, and-corduroy shirt by Isberg, and trousers by HJ by Heinemann. Her clothes by Kriss, earrings by Gabriella Sanchez/Trauser

Right: Three-button plaid wool sport jacket, four-button vest, and polo shirt by Duke & Galtano, mid-den trousers by HJ by Heinemann. Her clothes by Calvin Klein Collection, hat by Ilsema Delelland



PERSONAL SHOPPER

of these special events. Whether it's the schedule for CANALI at BLOOMINGDALE'S, or other designers like HICKEY-FREEMAN, GIEVES & HAWKES or ZEGNA, and the stores they will be available in -- just give me a call for more information.

FASHION CHIEF & CHIC. Can you believe it's been ten years since the B.O.M.? (Beginning Of MOSCHINO) This store is a celebration of "Ten Years of Kean." One of the most talked about pieces in the collection has disappeared from the rest. The one with the university flag is more to be a collector's item.

HIDE TUNING. One of the simpler ways to spruce up your fall wardrobe is with a few new accessories. VINCENTE holds here your buckles and hair combs. For those of you who are "undressed (spoon-earned)" leather and mock lizard range too.

FASHION-ABLES
FASHION FORWARD. Keep your eyes open for the latest additions of ESQUIRE GENTLEMAN. If you're interested in style, fashion and what's hot for the '90s, it's sure you'll want this special issue. If it's not available in your area call my office, and for

\$3.00 I'll send you a copy.
BEAUTIFUL BRUITS. Aveda has introduced a line of hair and body products that are only used in salons but make you feel wonderful because they are made from pure plant and flower essences. The Capelli Fanta Sola in New York, as well as JOTUN Esthétique Boutique, carries the line, and the catalog explains the products in far greater detail than I. Give me a call, and I'll send one out to you right away. It's everything from shampoo and hair conditioners to body soaps and massage oil.

CELEBRITY-TIF-GRAFFITI. The store owner assumes you, "Here you see my good times lately," you'll definitely have something to talk about. Classics are now given up with the *Casablanca*, *Miami on the Beach*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Singin' in the Rain* and *King Kong* are now available in silk scarves from AMERICAN FILM CLASSICS. (Send me for another one of my exciting giv' away contests.)

GROOMING SAFARI ADVENTURE. Ralph Lauren's SAFARI FOR MEN will be celebrating its five anniversary at Bloomingdale's. With over \$35 SAFARI FOR MEN purchases, you will receive a full set of travel case products. *Shagwag* with *Casablanca*, *Shane*, *Poison*, *Amor-Silvestre* Ballo, and the *Rae de Toulouse*. Now that's an anniversary celebration, and not one celebration like Ralph Lauren!

HEAD TRIPS. No matter how much hair you have on your head -- shampoos are what you want to keep it there. The HAIR FITNESS BRUSH is the latest product in the store; it costs \$20 (Affordable!) Only \$26.95. Naturally, the HAIR FITNESS BRUSH looks like an ordinary hair brush until you flip the switch and allow it to gently massage your scalp. For information on ordering this hair-washing wonder, give me a call.

Your request to the TOMMY HILFINGER notebook store was received. I only wish I had more time to send you because some of your needs really made me laugh! Now, when does AMERICAN FILM CLASSICS sell. Send the money to the following three questions in a more or less period. The answers -- asked at random -- will receive a set of AMERICAN FILM CLASSICS and the chance to make profits and influence people? Ready? 1) In what movie was the song "Singin' in the Rain" originally heard? 2) Who played the saddest music of the Twenty Century Epoch in the original version of *Mitzy on the Beach*? 3) In the film *Gone with the Wind*, how many times was Scarlett O'Hara married?

Mail those answers by October 15 to: Warren Champer, ESQUIRE Magazine, 250 West 55th Street, 5th floor, New York, NY 10019

Fashion

How to use this list. page 97 lists stores in Metropolitan New York City where you can find the latest in fashion. The list is organized by store name, location, and phone number. The list is organized by store name, location, and phone number.

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Photographs and Illustrations

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WARREN CHRISTOPHER
MONDAY - FRIDAY
10:00 AM - 5:00 PM EDT
TEL: 1-800-877-8488
FAX: 1-800-877-8455

When J.C. from New York wrote to say how frustrated he was with the lack of designer suits available in his area, I don't think the timing could have been more perfect. Think about -- the chance to have a suit (sport coat and pants, too) made to your specifications -- are just around the corner. As a special service to ESQUIRE readers, I will provide you with a list of dates, times and places

"We believe in individual style. We don't dictate a single fashion or price point." - Gene Prestman, Co-President, Barney's New York

A D V E R S A R I A

BEVERLY HILLS ATE HER FACE



REMARK: CHILDREN REMEMBER THE GORROR OF EXCESSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY. SHE BOUGHT HER SKIN FROM THE SUN AND HER BODY FROM THE KNIFE TO TURN MEN INTO SLOBBING LUST LAMBS. NOW HER WARRIORS HAVE EXPLODED AND ALL CREATURES FLEE IN GORRORING HORROR.



FROM HER REUPHOLSTERED FACE—TUCKED, CHOPPED, PILED AND PASTED LIKE PARTIQUER BOARD OR OVER TOYS.



SPIND NOT IN HER FREIGN GLARE, HER FULL-APPLED GORGEOUSNESS REVEALING THROUGH TIT-DOLL-FLAVORED EYES.



SHE WAS TRANSFORMED BY SURGERY, SLUGGING FEVERISHLY WITH THE ABANDON OF RAZOR LAWN MOWERS, JACKING THEIR WORK INTO HER FACE AS LOVE-LIPS AS THE WOOD PUCK AS CARVED INTO A THICK BECK.



CRY, REPENT, THERE ARE THOUSANDS MORE LIKE HER, MORTYLING THE BISTROS OF BEVERLY HILLS WITH THEIR BEAUTIFUL, SCORCHED HEADS. LOVE YOUR FACE, CHILDREN, LEAST YOU BECOME ONE OF THEM.

Three red packs.



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Viceroy Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

This is a line.

To some, it is seen as a constraint. A limitation. A barrier.

To others, it is a point where the past is abandoned in favor of the future.



The new Toyota Supra. It's taken everything sports cars were before

and crossed the line.

Wind in the face. Steering with the throttle. Shift levers that had to be persuaded into first. More power than brakes. Heaters that only worked when the sun shined.

Sports Cars. For decades drivers wrinkled their suits and burned their shoes to experience the irony of how so many shortcomings added up to so much driving pleasure. But now there's a new kind of sports car dedicated to the proposition that

performance and civilized driving do not have to be mutually exclusive.

The revolutionary new Toyota Supra. The cornerstone of Supra's performance is a world-class power-to-weight ratio. Its 3.0-liter, 24-valve inline-6 with twin-sequential turbochargers delivers 320 horsepower (220 horsepower in the normally aspirated model). And, mated to a 6-speed transmission, propels the Turbo from zero to sixty in 4.6 seconds.*

Double wishbone suspension, 4-wheel/4-channel Anti-lock Brake System (ABS) with ventilated discs and dual air bags** help make Supra as reassuring to drive as it is fast.

Ultimately, though, the real meaning of a sports car is found in the driving. And that's why crossing the line wasn't just an end. It was a beginning. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."

 **TOYOTA**